

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

Maclean's

SEPTEMBER 15, 1980

\$1.00

A large, central photograph of Premier Peter Lougheed. He is a middle-aged man with light brown hair, smiling at the camera. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie with a light-colored geometric pattern. His hands are resting on a dark wooden surface, possibly a desk or a railing. He is wearing a ring on the ring finger of his right hand and a watch on his left wrist.

ALBERTA DEMANDS ITS DUE

Premier Peter Lougheed



**TERRY
FOX'S
ORDEAL**





The Moneymakers are competitive saving investment options. Whether you're looking for a short or long term deposit, a guaranteed fixed rate or a fluctuating rate instrument or features such as early encashability, chances are a Moneymaker can meet your requirements.

Drop into a Commerce branch today and pick up a copy of our weekly Rate Sheet detailing the Moneymakers' features.

We'll welcome the opportunity to help you invest in a Moneymaker.

COMMERCE GUARANTEED
—Investment Certificate—

COMMERCE 1-6 YEAR TERM DEPOSIT

COMMERCE MONEY MARKET
INVESTMENT CERTIFICATE



**CANADIAN IMPERIAL
BANK OF COMMERCE**

COMMERCE GUARANTHEE
 - Investment Certificate*
 COMMERCE 1-6 YEAR TERM DEPOSIT
 COMMERCE MONEY MARKET
 INVESTMENT CERTIFICATE



**CANADIAN IMPERIAL
BANK OF COMMERCE**

*Issued by Kiyosaki Mortgage Corporation and guaranteed by Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce



No premier—including René Lévesque, whose whole reason for being in politics is to break this country in

What we need from the Ottawa conference is the same spirit of compromise that characterized the original Fathers of Confederation. They were daring (or drunk) enough to conceive a new kind of nation that would be neither a kingdom nor a republic but would best combine the British principles of responsible government with an American system of federal organization. This suited perfectly the political need of British North America in 1867. Now is the moment to re-define the core of Canadian nationhood with equal relevance to the 1980s. The man who champions that notion of the country's future is at least as much Peter Lougheed as Pierre Trudeau.

Trudeau's career at the climax

By Susan Riley



His devotion among his countrymen. Pierre Trudeau was mobbed last week—in Edmonton, of all places—when he appeared at a public platform with a sold-out Peter Lougheed at a celebration party for Alberta's 25th anniversary. It was wild, says a security official who was there at the time. "We almost had to get physical. They all want to touch him, get his autograph."

Trudeau must be buoyed by that knowledge this week, as his familiar face dominates television screens everywhere. The crowds in Edmonton told him what the Gallup poll has been saying since last month on the crucial issue of protecting the constitution: the people stand 78 per cent behind him. This is the same man who attacked the "tyranny of public opinion" in 1967, who wrote: "Public opinion waits to impose its domination over everything. Its aim is to reduce all action, all thought and all feeling to a common denominator. It forbids independence and kills initiative, so, consequently those who oppose it will be hated by those who oppose it." It is also the same man who authorized his government to spend \$6 million on an advertising campaign designed to sway public opinion behind his constitutional option.

For Trudeau, this week's conference in Ottawa represents one of the final acts of a remarkable political career, the final push before retirement and privacy. Justice Minister Jean Chrétien may have done the legwork, the provincial premiers may all have important supporting roles, but it is Trudeau's lifelong preoccupation with rewriting the marriage contract between Quebec and Canada that has led to this week's more secular ceremony.

As his inner cabinet met in the mountain resort of Lake Louise in Alberta for his summer consultations last week, Trudeau was relaxed, poised—a man with his powers sharpened in fact, while his ministers returned to Ottawa Wednesday afternoon, Trudeau stayed on for some afternoon hiking with an old cronying friend and Alberta entrepreneur, John Goss. And if he felt no need for a last-minute cram, it is because he has been preparing for this conflict all summer. For the first time in years he didn't take a long holiday. Instead he spent a good part of his summer—perhaps his last—in the prime ministerial summer cottage at Harrington Lake in the Outanua hills, just outside Ottawa. Trudeau spent 33 days "on holiday" with his three sons,

but most weekends he took briefing papers home. "He's in for a busy year," says one aide. The outside impression is that it may be his last as prime minister.

And while most people may find this week's proceedings dry and confusing, they apparently hold endless fascination for Trudeau, the audience. But then Trudeau has never been "most people." In fact, one of the most curious things about the attention he finds among ordinary Canadians is that he is so much at ease with the laws and customs of ordinary Canada. In his own social situations his presence, Patrick Gossage, acts almost as an interpreter for his boss—as if the prime minister were out on a weekend game pass from his Tibetan monastery. At an informal reception with journalists at Lake Louise last week the subject of "Gazette Bangers" came up—journalists shorthand for the daily deluge of information polioannounced to the press to keep editors and station managers

happy. Some reporters were complaining the origin of the term—it was first used on the Broadbent press during the second-last federal election—but Trudeau just looked more and more puzzled. "You know," said one reporter. "Gazette Bangers. It's a kind of dog food. Dry pieces of pressed meat." The light dawned. "Ahh," said the prime minister, "dog food."

Soon he won't have to argue in conversations like that anymore, and he makes little secret of his delight at that prospect. But however much he may long for a return to private life, he also has an eye on his place in history. It seems a familiar scene often associated with the palaces of power—with the John Diefenbakers and the Jean Desperes—then with the cool self-interest, but Trudeau, too, wants to leave behind his moment. Free-lance photographer Bob Cooper stayed busy last week recording the Lake Louise sessions for the prime minister and for the archives, but Trudeau wants something more substantial than photographs. He wants to be the prime minister who patriates the constitution and introduced a charter of rights, and he wants to do it before Christmas—with or without the premiers' blessing.

Not that the constitutional debate will end this fall—even if Trudeau moves unilaterally to patriate. The next decade's battle will be over the enshrining of religion, the political and economic forces of the country shifts west. Notwithstanding the adoring crowds surrounding the prime minister last week, a deep sense of alienation and grievance persists west of Kananaskis, Ont. But the "bad guy" in this week's television documentaries—Alberta's Peter Lougheed—will find himself in the ring with a barely competitive champion. And with Trudeau, as with Muhammad Ali, it is foolish to drop your guard for an instant. He's aging, but he's still dangerous.

Susan Riley is a Montreal staff writer in Ottawa.

FINALLY. A DIESEL YOU CAN BELIEVE IN AT A PRICE THAT WON'T BOGGLE YOUR MIND.



Long life and dependable performance are making diesel engines quite the rage these days. Unfortunately, many of the cars that come with those diesel engines may not be as desirable as you would expect. And those

that do represent a solid investment are usually extremely hard to afford.

The six-cylinder Volvo Diesel, however, is built the same way every other Volvo is built. Which means you get the same high levels of comfort,

safety, quality construction and value for the money that have built Volvo's reputation.

So why buy a diesel-powered car that's made too cheaply or priced too high? When you can buy one that's a **VOLVO**.

VOLVO. THE BEST THING TO HAPPEN TO DIESEL ENGINES IN OVER 40 YEARS.

Information still isn't quite free

By Heather Mitchell

I was euphoric when I heard that the Liberals, after 39 years of restriction, had finally introduced a bill that would provide access to government information. The Conservative and New Democratic parties agreed it was wonderful. They praised the Liberals for their bill. But now that I've read the bill, I'm angry. It seems I'm still not going to get enough information to hold the government accountable at election time. I'm not even going to get the information I need as a teacher in an environmental studies program.

Who, am I not going to get it? First, I won't be able to afford it. The government can make me pay up to four dollars, once for making a request (up to \$500, once for the time it takes a civil servant to search for the document (prior to be set by the government), once for the time it takes a civil servant to review the information and see if it can be withheld (prior to be set by the government), and, if I am rich enough to get this far, once for photocopies (prior to be set by the government). I pay the first three prices before I find out if the information exists, and I pay them whether or not the government allows me to see the document.

Second, the bill contains so many broad exemptions to the general rule of access that a lot of very important information can be withheld. For example, because I teach about the environmental consequences of toxic waste disposal, I want to know what information the minister of environment relied on when considering whether an American company, MCA Chemical Waste Services Ltd., dump up to one million gallons a day of chemical wastes into the Niagara River just upstream from the drinking water intake for Niagara-on-the-Lake. If in six months they're still to obscure records of federal provincial or Canada-U.S. consultation, confidential information supplied by the company, sensitive information about the chemicals, test results about possible health effects of the discharge, and advice to the minister or cabinet on what to do. Under the access bill, all this information was be withheld.

The most disturbing thing to me is withholding test results about health effects. Although the press release that accompanied the bill stated that consumer and environmental test results would not be withheld, the bill says differently. Rumors that only results of tests that were done by the government (not by a company) will be released. However, if they were done in a service and for a fee, or if the government thinks the results are misleading, then they can be withheld. No criteria by which to judge what is misleading are given.

The section on test results will give even less access than it appears to because almost all government testing is done



'For the bill to be useful, many changes are needed'

"for a fee." Each government department that tests chemicals the department that request the tests. In bureaucratic circles this is called "cost recovery," but in the access law it is "charging for a fee," therefore the results can be withheld. Those language tricks hide the real issue. To me, it doesn't matter who did the tests or whether a fee was charged if the results may reveal detrimental health effects. The real issue is making all the information available to the public—especially to people who may be affected—so they can take evasive action or protest vigorously until the government listens. To achieve this result, the access bill needs to be amended. It should state clearly that the public interest in knowing about possible detrimental health effects outweighs any other interest.

Third, I'm allowed to point to the Federal Court if the government refuses to release information I have requested, but I may not get a full review. A full review would mean the court would look at the information I had requested and would decide whether there was any harm in releasing it. If there was no harm, the court would order the minister to provide access. In the access bill, however, the court is not allowed to do that. The court is restricted to deciding whether a minister "is not entitled to refuse to disclose" or "did not have reasonable grounds to refuse" or "is required to refuse to disclose." The bill forces the court to focus on the minister's conduct rather than on whether information should be released.

Fourth, even if I access the money to pay the costs of access, and even if I am wrong in believing the government will take advantage of the bill's broad exemptions and restricted appeal rights, I'll still be faced with waiting a very long time for contemporary information. A constitutional provision means that if the bill becomes law in 1983, I'll have to wait until 1986 to get information from 1976 or before, and I'll have to wait until 1983 to get information from 1977 and 1978. I'll only be able to get 1979 and 1980 information immediately. In essence, this provision asks me not to press for information but to understand that government record-keeping is bad and has been so bad it will take five years to sort it all out. Given that the government began a sophisticated and expensive overhaul of its records management systems more than 10 years ago, I do not feel compassionate.

For the bill to be useful to the people it is supposed to be drafted for, many changes are needed. At the least, there must be access for the price of photocopies, an end to exemptions for information that can detrimentally affect people's health and full judicial review and a shortening of the transition period.

Heather Mitchell is a Toronto lawyer who has been doing research on freedom of information in Canada and abroad since 1975.



Morgan White.
COOL, CLEAR, REFRESHING TASTE.



CARTA BLANCA





CANADIAN
PEACE
RESEARCH
INSTITUTE



Alcock and nicotine seeplesse, looking for clues to what makes mankind violent.

Profile: Norman Alcock

The search for peace in a world of war

By Val Ross

Norman Zimka Alcock is a small, frail 62-year-old scientist who makes \$43,000 a year and a fair bit of trouble for leading the Canadian Peace Research Institute (CPRI), a non-profit research and publication organization located in Oakville, Ont. If Alcock were a scientist with a taste for black humor, one could more readily see why he has devoted his past 18 years to the apparently thankless job of trying to promote peace through reason and research. Are not human bloodlust and folly eternal? "The record is frustrating," Alcock agrees gruffly of his predecessors' efforts. The world's first international disarmament conference in the Hague in 1899 to prevent telephone, poison and petroleum 300/800 pacifist algorithms strong. Yet this was the generation whose children marched to the trenches in 1914. Then the League of Nations and the Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928 (which

renounced war as an instrument of policy) were answered by the Second World War. And now \$41 billion is spent with awe-inspiring global arms expenditures exceeding \$1 billion a day. As for the world's peace activists—the international network of Mensheviks, Ghazalites, Popovich Conference students and concerned folk such as the CPRI's Norman Alcock and his wife—well, it's a wonder they haven't all died of despair.

"Peace movement workers have a special quality," explains Ernie Rehrig, research director of the interchurch-sponsored disarmament and development group, Project Piousness. "They can focus reflectively on narrow parts of huge problems and not feel overwhelmed. They feel morally motivated, too, that's why, in addition, they appear passionate." Indeed, most of them are religiously inspired. Alcock's hard-working wife, Pat, who edits the CPRI's quarterly *News Report*, is a Congregationalist minister's daughter, and many

of her co-workers are Quakers. It is Alcock's fair, too, to be typified as saint and then discarded. His thick-lensed spectacles, glowing like two rose windows on the long Gothic cathedral lines of his face and his monk-efficient Tommy Douglas style fit that image, so does the modest white suit he wears to public functions such as the department of external affairs' Disarmament and Arms Control meetings. "Alcock is regarded as naïve by most government officials," says Geoffrey Pearson, Esplanade's adviser on arms control. "That's always true for visionaries and saints."

Yet what keeps Alcock going is not just his scientific curiosity: the same challenge of "Why does Man behave so badly as he does?" that has attracted other "hard" scientists such as René Descartes and Bernard Russell. Alcock has avoided disillusionment to a large degree because, he says, "I'm a cold-blooded research type." He and his sister were brought up by a widowed mother he recalls for her "open-mindedness and her refusal to be frightened." As a young scientist, Alcock worked "without shame" on the electronics systems of Second World War bomber aircraft, as a nuclear researcher for the government and as vice-president of his own firm, Isotope

The Mild One
is milder than ever!

CRAVEN "A" Special Mild
THE HOUSE OF CRAVEN SINCE 1863

King Size and Regular Length

New 100's too!

THE HOUSE OF CRAVEN
The Children of a Golden Leaf

CRAVEN "A" Special Mild
CRAVEN "A" The First Family of Mildness.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked—avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette—100's Tar 9 mg Nic 0.9 mg King Size and Regular Tar 4 mg Nic 0.4 mg

Profections led in 1987, at the height of the post-Soviet cold war, Alcock's firm was sold to American investors and shortly after he was offered the choice of moving to the United States or sending himself as subeditor, at the age of 41, with no money pay. He chose to retire, and by 1991 had come up with his own challenge: to make a 15 per cent drop from his professional salary level to do research that really interested him. In joining the CRI he simply left his socialist's mind to a new set of puzzles, who makes war, when and why?

Working out of a paper-crushed one-story office, the Allocks, with four unpaid CRI staffers, translators, volunteers and affiliates, have produced more than 250 books, articles and research abstracts, many of which they print on the premises. Most are scholarly—A *Dynamic Model of Civil Violence* or *An Imperialist Misconception of the Abolition of Distance Between Nations*—but "We'll try anything," Alcock grins, as he reads through clippings of CRI publications to uncover its one venture into fiction, a science-fiction novel titled *The Year of the Aquanaut*.

The common theme of these works is best summed up in the title of one of Alcock's books, *The Logic of Love*. Alcock and spouse CRI labor to demonstrate that peaceful behavior pays off, that the biggest stakes, those in which economic and political justice prevail, have the most to lose in war—but in unobvious instances. Well, the department of national defense subscribes to some publications as does a British Royal National Armaments and Space Agency (NASA) policy officer who transferred from California to Toronto's first Global Conference on the Future this summer to hear Alcock speak. The result: Alcock will get about 18 requests for his publications each week, about half of which come from outside Canada. "In Europe, the Allocks' work is highly regarded," states Patrick Barnsley, director of the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute which, with its staff of 40 and its \$2 million of funding from the Swedish parliament, is the world's largest and most influential peace research organization. Barnsley adds: "Now when the work of the institute in Sweden, Norway and particularly West Germany is restricting Canada's efforts become especially significant." With rare coin, such as George London, chief of operations, research and analysis for riot Ottawa, are skeptical of the CRI's attempts to "quantify warlike behavior." But its publications command a certain respect in some academic circles. Professor John Roper, director of Carolina University's Norman Patterson School of International Affairs, notes "Among informed" journals—those to which articles are sub-



The Allocks' typical set of tools

mitted anonymously to a panel of impartial academics—the CRI appears more often than anywhere else in Canada. Its scientific methodology is very sophisticated. The real debate isn't between Alcock and the social scientists, but rather among academics who wonder how the scientific methods can be applied to human behavior.

Lately, Alcock and the CRI have been looking for clues that show what conditions cause violence. They have studied United Nations voting patterns, drug consumption, arms production, even church attendance before the computer indicates that more than a dozen have held more believe wars than may-behave agreements. Alcock has an astonishing willingness to go out on any limb, pursue any tactic, in the spirit of inquiry. "I know this sounds weird," he gently warned the businessmen and academics who gathered to hear about his cycles research at the Global Future's Conference, "but we are finding recurring patterns among peace production, arms laying, and first production and even war again." His studies considered Alcock's scrupulous graphs and computer tables as he quietly admonished them, "Just because this method of analysis is in reason for a good second not to investigate it."

The investigative equipment of these

hints and chain keeps Alcock at his work, but he works on a shoestring. Although the department of external affairs has just come through with its first grant to the CRI (\$2,800), donations from the "500 or 400 wealthy, French Canadian who think there may be some good in what we do," as Alcock puts it, has fallen back with the economy. Curiosity and his every middle-class liberal (knows) a conscience are expensive luxuries to maintain. The Allocks' personal savings have been utterly drained by the institute and they are now sitting their last asset: their 10-room home overlooking Lake Ontario.

The work (heavily) drains morale, too. In 1978, Alcock started for five weeks to a consultant to the UN Special Session on Disarmament. "Trauma," who in the early 1980s had been a member of our board, spoke with great conviction. Over and over all the world leaders stressed that the arms race was absurd. They *Love*. Yet not one nation announced concrete steps to peace. Alcock admits he was literally transfixed because he was not in touch at the UN—because he missed for the first time that simply demonstrating the logic of love was just not enough. "For six months I hardly went into the office—I didn't do anything," says Sigler. "The UN special session was Alcock's first taste of the difficulties of implementing policy, and the experience changed him."

Yet today, the bespectacled scientist is still playing away in the cramped office in Guilford. The CRI's annual output of 40,000 minutes is frustratingly small, leading to the more beside the nation's \$5 billion defense budget and Canada's lucrative arms trade (consistently within the top 10 arms producers the past decade). Alcock laments the CRI's struggle, the racks of papers on the page and papers being stuffed into boxes in constantly interrupted by Alcock at the door. The CRI is still perplexed by whether peace activists are subversives, peace or violence. They dropped by the spring, after Alcock paid a fruitless visit to Ottawa to remain with the Soviet ambassador about Afghanistan. The Muslims were gleeful, they stayed to share the staff's traditional breakfast of 4 o'clock tea. The outsiders, these academics undertake the disconcerting appearance of Alcock's group. Surely it is futile to believe that talks with Moscow, the Soviet ambassador and the paragon's cosmopolitan US will accomplish this, though Alcock, often known to be so infinitely objective, answers the question rather aggressively now. "I believe that all the world's a stage, it may have only a small part to play—but if I don't take it seriously, someone else may take it over." ☺

The American Express® Gold Card.

Now available through the Bank of Montreal.

When you carry the American Express® Gold Card, you carry one of the world's most esteemed payment instruments. For only the Gold Card combines the financial services of the Bank of Montreal with the worldwide capabilities of American Express.

The Gold Card is at once a measure of success, and a powerful means with which to further it. With the Gold Card you'll receive a substantial, unsecured, personal line of credit from the Bank of Montreal—at a favourable interest rate. It's a ready cash resource which you can call upon at any time, for any reason, without further application. So you can move quickly to take advantage of financial opportunities as they arise.

Carrying the Gold Card offers you financial freedom and flexibility. You can tap your line of credit from almost anywhere in the world. You can secure funds at any branch of the Bank of Montreal in Canada; more than 9,000

Gold Card financial institutions throughout North America; and more than 1,000 Travel Service Offices of American Express Company, its subsidiaries and Representatives around the world.

As an American Express Gold Card member, you're entitled to worldwide charge privileges and other benefits befitting your personal needs. Of course, the Gold Card will appeal primarily to those who currently enjoy a certain level of personal financial success.

The Gold Card. It's the ultimate card for financial reserve power and special recognition wherever you go.

The Gold Card.

The currency of success.

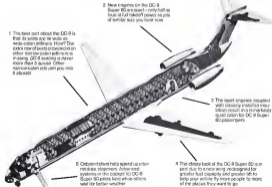


The First Canadian Bank

Bank of Montreal

Applications may be obtained at any branch.





1 The best part about the DC-9 is that its wings are as wide as wide-cabin airplanes. How? The extra row of seats crowded in on other narrow-cabin airplanes is missing. DC-9 seating is never more than 6 seats. Other narrow-cabin jets jam you into 8 abreast.

2 New engines on the DC-9 Super 80 are quiet—only half as loud as full-throttle power in jets of similar size you hear now.

3 The wing structure, coupled with newly installed insulation, results in a remarkably quiet cabin for DC-9 Super 80 passengers.

4 The clean look of the DC-9 Super 80 is just part of its new wing redesign for greater fuel capacity and greater lift to help your airline fly more people to more of the places they want to go.

5 Outboard slats help speed up takeoff and slats, and advanced systems in the cockpit let DC-9 Super 80 pilots land while others wait for better weather.

Body language.

Many travelers are unaware of the remarkable fact that the seats in coach on a DC-9 are every bit as wide as those on existing wide-cabin jumbos and new ones to come. They're wider than those on other narrow-body jets.

DC-9s have, but two seats are one side of the aisle—three on the other. And in the wide-cabin décor of newer versions, passengers even enjoy the look and feel of the big jet.

Whether flying half way across a country, or half way across a continent, DC-9s provide the best record going for on-time departure. Ask your travel agent to look you aboard the DC-9. "The big little surprise with the big wide seats."



**The DC-9
SUPER 80**
MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



Follow-up

New homes, old dilemma

By Geoff Hunt

"T"his is a most delicate and sensitive operation and one which critics are understandably ready to capitalize on." By 1970, when this apt warning appeared in a department of regional economic expansion (1970) progress report, the Newfoundland resettlement program had closed down dozens of small communities, moving their people into larger centres. By 1975, when Premier Frank Moores let resettlement quietly die, about 25,000 "outporters" had been relocated, in the biggest peacetime movement of people in North America.

Were they victims of a metropolitan drive by the Joey Smallwood government to impose an industrial structure on a people unprepared for the wrench? Or were they beneficiaries of Smallwood's single-minded efforts to raise the standard of living and social services of a people kept backwater by cruel history and untold fate? Those were roughly the choices in this very "delicate and sensitive" matter in 1970, and

one was expected to take sides. Today, despite the sentiments of Joey Smallwood, who calls it "one of the finest things ever done in our history," the very word resettlement has become an anathema in Newfoundland within a call of nostalgia that has grown up in the past decade to snuff everything traditional. This morning was the shrouded chance for many a workman lost of a home or so families tied to their fishing grounds by history and inheritance is widely forgotten. "Well," reflects Bruce Warshaw, "at the time there were a lot of disoriented people and hard feelings. But I think it's turned out to be okay." He moved from the Placentia Bay outposts of Harbour Buffett in 1986.

"The people are better off today," says Warshaw, 36, manager of a fish processing plant at Arnold's Cove. Like Warshaw, all the resettled outporters recently approached by *Maclean's* thought the change was for the better.

The program began after 46 communities closed themselves down voluntarily between 1945 and 1953, to move to where social services and jobs were



Fishermen at work: old wounds are healing.

In Montréal,
Hilton International's
touch of class
reaches out to each
and every guest.



Have a good night
with Hilton.

The
Queen
Elizabeth
A CHN Hotel operated by Hilton Canada

For reservations call your Travel Agent, any Hilton
or CHN hotel, or Hilton Reservation Service.



St. John's square (above), output Peppy Harbour. Biggest positive movement of people



available. In 1948, when Newfoundland joined Canada, the island's population of 250,000 was living at about half the Canadian average income. The millions of dollars in transfer payments entering the province went into improved medical care, new roads, electricity, wharves, modern schools—services that could not, however, be stretched into all the 1,300 fishing communities around the rugged coast. Convinced that, given the chance, Newfoundlanders would choose to end their "crucial isolation," as he called it, Benlived launched the resettlement program in 1963 every home had in a community unanimously deciding to leave would receive a moving grant of \$150 (raised to \$300 by 1968).

But sociologists, the press and other critics became vociferous around 1965, when the grant was increased to \$1,000 a household, free mortgages were offered and instead of unassisted contact, resettlement would begin after only 50 per cent of a community chose to move. The program's derivatives and communities were persuaded into leaving when the government threat-

ened to cut off services, and that the resettlement centers offered too few jobs and undermanned institutions. A rich life of hard work, even real self-sufficiency and simplicity, had been afforded, they charged, by economic planners whose only answer to economic hardship was to spirit and render an entire society. The resettlement program, by that time, had become inseparable with a fishery policy whereby the scattered outport industry fishery of small boats would be replaced by larger boats operated and moved out of the new resettlement centres around Placentia and Fogo Bay in particular. Settlers not employed in the fishery got jobs in government, hotels, stores, schools and other fields not available in many of the outports. One elderly woman in Arnold's Cove said she was glad she was now within a short drive of a doctor. A young town clerk barely remembers the outport way of life; a carpenter in Port aux Basques says there was no work back at the outport and the fishing was poor. Another carpenter cautions the joys of running water, sewer works and electricity. Most condemn the

educational opportunities for the young. A young teacher says her promotion is increasingly obstructed: they like to be able to hop in a van and go to a town.

All the time, "we were damn close to being forced out of it, and I would have been satisfied to stay," says Mrs. Bolt who moved to Arnold's Cove from a small settlement called Truck's Beach. But now, 30 to 40 miles by road from a hospital (formerly two hours by sea), with all the electrical conveniences, he would never get his wife to return. "You try and take those away from her today," says the 56-year-old fisherman. He has a son teaching Grade 9 and a daughter who is a post office secretary.

Education is held up by Benlived as the reason d'être for resettlement. "It never had an economic justification," he insists. "You had to leave the island anyway to get Grade 12," recalls Terry Symes, who was 8 when the families in Port aux Basques moved to the trawler port of Port aux Basques. Though he feels resettlement was for the best, he fondly recalls "a lot of exposure" in the old way of life—going with his dad to hunt for mouse and jig for fish.

"It was a way of life disrupted," says Mayor Felix Collins of Placentia, population 2,700, one of the larger resettlement areas. He's from a now deserted island himself. "It was especially hard for the middle-aged and elderly. You can see them today, down by the water, and you know they're reminiscing. But as a group, all these people are now happily integrated."

Undoubtedly there are still many people harboring deep and bitter resentment over the wreck of their old communities. But this summer, 500 former Newfoundlanders showed that the intense and distant enough that a visit to the old haunts brings more pleasure than pain. They returned to the deserted remains of their old homes for a weekend reunion. Three days earlier fishermen took their boats on a Monday morning to spend the week back fishing off their old homes, putting up its makeshift quarters. Much of Placentia Bay, for example, is served daily by a collection boat sent out by a fish processing plant.

But for all its criticism—some seemingly-venable criticisms were swept away—resettlement was just one aspect of inevitable change. The 300 outports left today are not the places they were in 1949—they have electricity, roads, school buses and regular high schools and mass media. Rural development policy now tries to bring jobs to where the people are, in crafts, tourism, primary resources, and the fishery in enjoying a resurgent prosperity undrained of a decade ago, breathing new life into the small communities. ☐

OUR CLUB IS OPEN DAILY FROM CANADA TO BRITAIN.



YOUR OWN SEPARATE CHECK-IN

Your station and Club begins when you pay the regular full fare. Then, from your own separate check-in 'til the time you arrive in Britain, you'll be pampered with Club's personalized service.

YOUR OWN EXCLUSIVE CABIN.

Relax comfortably in your own exclusive cabin, where you can make the most of your travel time. Whether you finish up your

paperwork or simply catch up on your rest, Club caters to your every need. Unapologetically.

Take the most exclusive of clubs, our Club Britain, an open bar. Drinks are on the house, of course, and we provide live-in light entertainment.

YOUR CHOICE OF MEALS.

Dining in Club is always a pleasure with a choice of meals, including excellent wines.

For the business traveller, Club is the perfect opportunity to get full service for your full fare.

YOU'RE WELCOME DAILY.

We're open every day from Canada to Britain. So call your travel agent, transportation department or British Airways. And tell them you deserve to be in a club by yourself.

Do come join us, whether you're bound for Britain or beyond. We'll take more care of you.

**British
airways** *Club*
We'll take more care of you.

Toronto (416) 595-2500, Atlanta (404) 443-4390, Birmingham (011) 264-4015, Vancouver (604) 691-4401, Seattle/Tacoma (206) 264-5000, Ottawa (613) 236-0861, Montreal (514) 374-6141, Managua (502) 244-5000, English Columbia (306) 443-4390.



Dinosaur country

By Suzanne Zwan

It's hard for a human brain to embrace 10 million years. Even when standing on the bones of creatures that walked this same part of Alberta 70 million years ago, most people are unable to grasp the mathematics of it. The people who sift the sandstone at Dinosaur Provincial Park have less trouble than most with a time warp that is, after all, infinitesimal in the span of Earth's existence. But even then are awestruck by the dinosaur graveyard. There could be the bones of 400 dinosaurs tumbled together in an area of some 40,000 square feet. If there are, and if the new theory is proven, the Cretaceous whose bones came to rest here 70 million years ago were probably travelling in a herd across the marsh that was this part of Alberta then. A herd of dinosaurs, six-metre-long adults, precariously supporting their young parakeets, as they grazed the landscape. Now that is mind-boggling, even to an expert.

Hordes of tourists have poured through the gates of Banff and Jasper national parks to gaze at the Rockies and agreed they are indeed pretty. In comparison, hardly anyone has bothered to make the three-hour trek from Calgary to the Dinosaur Provincial Park, named last year by the United Nations as a two of 51 sites in the world that are irreplaceable parts of our cul-

tural and natural heritage. The road winds its way 50 km northwest of Brooks, Alta., growing progressively worse until it deteriorates into dusty gravel washboard. In a most unappealing fashion, it snags post holes, gravel, fenced farmlands, spruces through dry shrublands and sage country, then falls away into the badlands, to though the crest of the earth collapsed into a heap of rubble. Down there in the heart of the badlands, where it's drier than parts of the Sahara and summer temperatures have reached 50°C, the bald, soft rock is eroding into hoodoos, nature's own gargoyles. And as the winds clutch at the rock, creating yesterday's bizarre patterns and creating today's, the bones of dinosaurs, dead since the upper Cretaceous period of world history, come to the surface and are panned up by palaeontologists.

Palaeontologists have known about the dinosaur fossils since their discovery in 1899 by Thomas Watson, an Geological Survey of Canada expedition. Over the years, amateurs and experts located out tons of bones until to-

day 30 major museums and universities around the world hold more than 300 specimens from the park. No other region of comparable size on earth has yielded so many, and such a variety of well-preserved dinosaur bones, yet people once plundered the fossils for fireplaces and rock gardens, and it wasn't until 1965 that the area was even declared a provincial park. And it wasn't until this summer, when the park was officially dedicated as one of four Canadian World Heritage Sites, that any more than a trickle of visitors turned up.

In the end of this season, an estimated 30,000 people will have visited the park, 30,000 more visitors than have ever been there in a year. "It's hardly the crowd it is laid on it as," notes a staffer, because the poor access has deterred some of the herds that will be attracted by the park's new world-class status.

Visitors are now allowed through almost all of the park's 20,000 acres only under escort. Naturalists such as Red Andrews explain to them that this was a lowlands, much like Louisiana today, at the time the Rockies to the west were

Alberta bedlands; paleontologists on dig (below) most important remaining to guests of the dinosaur world.



Good taste is why you buy it.

To create the unique taste of Ballantine's Scotch we age it until its flavour is fully developed. And our master blender is the judge of that precise moment when the flavour peaks.

It's your assurance that every bottle of Ballantine's measures up to our world-wide standard of excellence. One sip, and you'll know why discerning Scotch drinkers around the world choose Ballantine's. The reason.

Ballantine's

Good taste.



Raccoon Savage Seven years old, Kevin lives in a two-room flat. Only learning—can't read. Children of sugar in town—bad looks, supplies, even clothes are scarce.

He could change your life...while you are changing his



From the parents of little Kevin, we wouldn't think he could change a life. Standing in a rural slum, arms and legs spread from exhaustion, he looks sad, but too young to shoulder responsibility for any existence other than his own. But looks can often be deceiving—Kevin knows responsibility when a family is too much for a year on less money than you would save

in a week. Responsibility is learned from the time of birth. Always there is the pressing weight of poverty, when all the money comes from her father's meagre salary for school supplies, medicine and repairs in the flat. No one is spared neither the very young nor the very old. Everyone must do their part to help and childhood drifts by in a joyless spiral of hungry nights and hopeless days.

But if you let Kevin into your life...if you need enough to become a Foster Parent...how a better thing could be? Through your contribution of just a few dollars a month, you could ease the poverty of Kevin and his family. You would help pay education, medical care, nutritious food and put a roof over their heads. You could change Kevin's life and the lives of his family. Kevin's life will always be different, but you will have helped change your life too. By the time you read this, Kevin will have a Foster Parent—but so very many children are still in need. Please help a child today. Just complete the coupon below or call our toll-free number.

breaking through the earth's crust. The rock here is 100 times softer than the stone of the Rockies and erodes with a whiplash from the wind, cutting up fossils to the light of the 20th century. So far, 30 species of dinosaurs have been identified, from the Albertosaurus, a smaller version of the Tyrannosaurus, to a Horned Duck-billed dinosaur, named because of a projection on top of its skull.

Park naturalists John Welger and Ron Chumney discovered the bone beds now being excavated under the guidance of the Alberta Provincial Museum. They walked over a hill and almost stumbled over the skull of a Centrosaurus. In the past two years, 35 Centrosaurus have been unearthed in about 170 square metres. At the time the remainder of the area is excavated, hundreds of creatures might be discovered.

Experts have wondered before whether it wasn't possible that dinosaurs were herding creatures, says Philip Currie, curator of paleontology at the provincial museum. But the Centrosaurus Park offers the first tangible proof. The dinosaurs occurred as mostly Centrosaurus, a plant-eating variety, and he speculates that some dinosaurs befell the herd, their bones were plundered by meat-eating dinosaurs and the remains washed downstream to where they lie today.

What bit the herd is a terrifying mystery. The disaster happened too early to be part of the dinosaur mass extinctions, Currie says. That means disease or, perhaps, a flash flood, and although he leans to the disaster theory, "that isn't really satisfying." Experts from around the world have come this summer to puzzle over the extinction being offered with theories and what Currie doesn't expect any real answers until the entire herd had been excavated, another four years' work, at least. "Maybe then we can say something about it all," he says, but is presenting papers in Florida this fall to bring the scientific world abreast of what has been discovered so far.

The Red Deer River, along through the park, is already about 180 metres below the level of the prairie and, in the context of earth time, it is sinking fast in another 10,000 years, says paleontologist Andrews, the word will have finished its work in the bowl of the badlands and nothing will be left to see there. Meanwhile, young paleontologists like Currie figure they could work the rest of their lives in the badlands without ever looking all there is to find. So they dig away at what has been declared "the most important remaining fragment of the dinosaurian world known to mankind," trying to learn more of the earth and its living creatures as they were millions of years before man's time.



Holiday Inn is closer to where the action is in business.

Holiday Inn has more than 60 hotels across Canada. So it's more than likely we've got one just where you need one. And it's, probably, within minutes of your clients. All our hotels feature the same famous standards, to make you feel comfortable and pleasantly welcome.

As a business traveller,

you will also appreciate numerous extra-special features. Like free guest parking, spacious conference rooms, special corporate and group rates, seminar packages, and InnerCircle® membership.

Next business trip, stay with Holiday Inn. Because we're closer to the action.

Holiday Inn
Number One in "people pleasing"

For reservations, call, toll-free: in British Columbia and Alberta, 1-(800)-268-8811; in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Ontario, Quebec and the Maritimes, 1-(800)-268-8890; in Toronto, 496-6400; in Montreal, 878-4321; or your nearest Holiday Inn or your travel agent.

CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME 1-(800)-268-7174

Information will be sent immediately



FOSTER PARENTS PLAN OF CANADA

IS IT CLAM-AMBER WEST? TORONTO, CANADA MAY 1985

I want to be a Foster Parent of a boy ☐ girl ☐ age ☐
country ☐ where the child is located ☐
I enclose my first payment of \$45.00 Monthly ☐ \$200.00 Quarterly ☐
\$100.00 Semi-Annually ☐ \$200.00 Annually ☐
I am interested in Foster Parents right now. However, I enclose my contribution of \$ Please send me more information ☐ Tel No.

Name

Address

City Prov Code

I wish communication with PLAN to be in English ☐ French ☐

PLAN operates in Active, Grieving, Resolute, or Settling Stages. Send us your name, address, and phone number. We will contact you. We will also send you the PLAN and the PLAN.

For more information, please contact the PLAN at 1-800-268-7174. We will contact you. We will also send you the PLAN and the PLAN.

For more information, please contact the PLAN at 1-800-268-7174. We will contact you. We will also send you the PLAN and the PLAN.

For more information, please contact the PLAN at 1-800-268-7174. We will contact you. We will also send you the PLAN and the PLAN.

Dateline: Edinburgh

Conquest by culture



By Mark Atkey

The Scottish woman, red-haired and well-dressed, turns to her son. "You remember *The Song of Hiawatha*, Angus?" Look, a real Red Indian? Richard Hunt, a Kwikwaka'ano from Port Rupert, B.C., does not look up. He is serving a token pose from a four-metre log of western red cedar chip by skip the long, petal-like face of a raven emerging from the wood. When complete, the pole will stand in Prince Street Gardens, the centre of Edinburgh, as a gift from Edinburgh's twin city of Vancouver and a perpetual reminder of Canada's enormous contribution to the 1990 Edinburgh International Festival—the world's most famous arts festival in the world.

It begins on Aug. 17 and continues until Sept. 6. As usual, it has attracted tens of thousands of visitors and a bevy of celebrities—The New York Philharmonic, The Royal Shakespeare Company, Ravi Shankar, André Poppo and many more. But, as the festival newspaper admitted in a front-page headline, HERE COMES THE WILD (GOLD-MEDAL 80/9). The accompanying photograph showed Eric Peterson from Indian Head, Sask., the star of Billy Bishop *Go to War*, a virtuoso play about Canada's war fighter pilot in the First World War. A suspicion lingers, however, why it is certain among one of the participating Canadian artists, from jazz pianist Oscar Peterson and the Celtic folk group, Hurdy, to the acrobatic acrobats of the Toronto Mindbenders Club, would be classified as



Hard and polite: a perpetual reminder

"wild colonial." John Gray, the writer, composer and co-star of Billy Bishop *Go to War*, denies that the show might be in Edinburgh merely to attract the eagle eye of a London producer. "We came here for itself. The festival really is a wonderful thing in itself. Also, it's fun to play here; the audiences are ready for you in Scotland." Mounted in a converted gymnasium, the show has been a smash hit with critics and audiences alike. It also helps the blind image that Canada suffers abroad. As Gray explains: "The idea that a Canadian was quite a vicious killer by peacetime standards and such a successful warrior is almost a contradiction in terms. Canadians are thought of as being a little dull."

Edinburgh comes alive at festival



Folk group Bander (left), Peterson (top) and Bishop (right) "absolutely fabulous"

There. Normally a city of eastern elegance in grey slates and Georgian creations, it decks itself out with flags, banners and posters. The remote wonder city around a city that transforms itself into a species of living theatre. Outside the National Gallery of Scotland a red-faced man holds up a goofy placard, SOCIALISM WORKS WITH PULL-OUT FLOPPERS, trying vainly to capture the hearts of an on-crowd-flicking blarney. His neighbor, who sports a caribbean shield announcing CHILDREN WELCOME, OFFERED TO BEAT THE RISE OF MANY, can't even capture their attention. No one would imagine that this is a Calvinist capital.

This year, two of the festival's major art exhibitions are Canadian. From the West Coast comes the opening show in Edinburgh's new City Art Gallery. *The Journey*, a mixture of traditional and contemporary art by B.C. Indians. *The Legacy* is a revised version of a show that has existed for nearly a decade. It of its current exhibits, including a carved transformation headless carved in wood, were made in 1979 and 1980. Near the entrance stands Richard Elms, day by day creating his pole surrounded by visitors. "It just makes me work harder, 'cause I don't look up as much." Elms knows that the subtleties and emotional significance of his pole will be lost to most spectators—but he doesn't mind. "I think it's informative. They probably never will know anything about our people except for that pole. It shows them that Indians aren't really like Toronto."

Up one of Edinburgh's many hills,

THE SCHENLEY AWARDS



In the last 8 years, the outstanding products of Canadian Schenley have won more Monde Selection Award Medals than any other Distiller in Canada.

The Monde Selection is the world's most respected competition for spirits. Schenley has been recognized with 22 Gold Medals, 8 Silver and 3 Bronze... 33 in total.

The highest honour given, the Monde Selection perpetual trophy, was awarded in 1974 to Schenley's O.F.C., 8 year old Canadian Whisky for winning an unprecedented 3 consecutive Gold Medals.

In the world of spirits, one name stands out, one name synonymous with excellence: Schenley.

SCHENLEY O.F.C. Schenley O.F.C. has received 8 Gold Medals and the Monde Selection perpetual trophy. These awards are fitting tributes to the outstanding 8 year old Canadian Whisky that is a favourite throughout Canada.

TROIKA VODKA

Schenley's famous Troika Vodka has won 3 Gold, 1 Silver and 1 Bronze Medal. It has also won the loyalty of Canadians who prefer an outstanding Bloody Mary or Screwdriver.

SCHENLEY LONDON DRY GIN

Schenley London Dry Gin is the only dry gin that has ever been awarded a Gold Medal... and it has been awarded 3 of them. It is the outstanding way to begin an award winning Martini.

RON CARIOCA WHITE RUM

The 1 Gold, 3 Silver and 1 Bronze Monde Selection Medals confirmed the excellence of Ron Caroca Rum. It is bottled in Canada, using pure cane spirits imported from the Islands, with outstanding results.





Meanwhile, looks a posthumous exhibition of paintings by Jack Bush, Canada's most celebrated abstract painter. His canvases, some of them never before seen in public, glaze with light and color. The show is the first substantial display in Europe of the work of Bush who, unlike many Canadian artists, always languished for international recognition. Other Canadians at the festival include the National Arts Centre Theatre Company, the Canadian Brass quintet and writer Elizabeth Smart. In all, more than 30 countries are represented, but Canadians make up by far the largest foreign contingent.

Why the sudden interest in our artists? The main reason is simple: that John Drummond, the festival director, knows more about us than do most of his countrymen. "In several visits in recent years," he remarks, "I have been very struck by the vitality of the arts in Canada, and I believe that many of the things they are doing deserve a wider audience. We're not doing this because it's good politics or for the sake of Canadian wealth relations, but because all these events are absolutely first-rate."

The festival began in 1967, a defiant celebration of the human spirit amid the Spartan conditions of a post-war Britain still in the grip of food rationing. It has grown beyond anyone's most extravagant dream, to the point where the annual festival is swamped on quantity, though not in quality, by a tidal wave of competing attractions.

For a region locked in recession and industrial decline, these weeks offer a transfixion of money and hope. Today, Edinburgh hosts more shows in August and September than the most rapacious culture-vulture could possibly devour. An international film festival, a TV festival, the Edinburgh Highland Games, a military tattoo at the ancient castle (this year featuring the Vancouver Police Pipe Band as well as the Royal Pipe and Military Band of the Sultan Qaboos Bin Saïd of Oman).

Most prominent of all is the Festival Fringe, an unofficial jammer in which anyone who wants to can perform. Every square hall and basement in the city seems to be crisscrossed by a play from the Fringe. More than 300 productions, some of them outlandish, six of them Canadian, are battling for attention and audience. In Edinburgh today, the arts are literally unavoidable. Step out of the railway station on to Prince's Street and a moving crowd of devotees is liable to assault you.

By mid-September Edinburgh will be back to normal: the walls scraped clean of posters, the roadways free of actors. Richard Ford will be back home in British Columbia. But his broken joke will remain, going silently out over the city.

CPAir's "Empress Class" to the Far East.

BUSINESS ORIENTED



Empress Class service is in a class by itself. It's the special, royal treatment we give to the full economy fare passenger.



You'll be seated in a separate, quieter, area of the plane reserved for business travellers. We'll try to put you next to an empty seat so you'll have more room to work. Or relax.

You'll be taken care of in grand CPAir style by a bilingual stewardess familiar with the Orient. You'll receive a complimentary deluxe stereo-movie headset. And enjoy complimentary cocktails, wines and liquors.

Lunch/dinner is served soon after take-off and later you will enjoy a full-course dinner with a choice of entrees.

To help you go about your business in the Orient, we can arrange for business cards in Japanese/English or Chinese/English. The cost is minimal, just give us two weeks' notice.

FLIGHT	LEAVES VANCOUVER	ARRIVES TOKYO	ARRIVES HONG KONG
401	2:00 p.m. Monday Wednesday Friday	Little afternoon (next day)	Mid evening
403	2:00 p.m. Sunday	Little afternoon (next day)	
405 (Jan/Oct 26)	6:00 p.m. Tuesday	Early evening (next day)	

Catch CPAir's 747 Orient Express from Vancouver and Toronto.

Five days a week we offer you nonstop 747 service to Tokyo from Vancouver and same-day connecting 747 service from Toronto. We also have convenient connections from other major Canadian cities.

Three times a week we're the only airline that gives you sameplane service on to Hong Kong.

Of course we can arrange onward connections to places like Taipei, Manila, Seoul and Singapore.

For your next trip to the Orient have your travel agent or corporate travel counsellor arrange your flight, hotel and other special requirements with one call to CPAir.



"We're out to be your airline."





"Another 10 minute lunch hour!"

Working through lunch. Fast sandwich at the desk.

These days it seems, if you want to get ahead, you have to be prepared to put in the time.

But there could well be a price to pay.

Pressure could be robbing your body of B vitamins

The heavy demands of life today can quickly use up your body's supply of an essential group of vitamins known as the B complex.

That's because your body can't store B complex like it can most other vitamins. You require a fresh intake as you go.

And if you don't get it, you may become tense, impatient and depressed; all key symptoms.

Supposing you eat well

Eating well can help make up the B complex you may be losing—but don't count on it.

You see, because of the way many modern foods are processed, much of the natural B complex is removed before they ever get to the store.

So even if you eat what seems to be a "balanced" diet, you can't be sure of making it up.

Supposing you take multivitamins

Many people take multivitamins. But even these don't necessarily give you the amount or range of B complex your body requires.

Now here's a supplement that can...

Introducing new Surbex B Plus

New Surbex B Plus contains all 5 of the important vitamins that make up the B complex; with the addition of Vitamin C.

Taken daily, it's designed to add the balance your body needs to cope with today's hectic world.

Remember the name: new Surbex B Plus.

Ask for it at your drug store.

The Overwork Pill



Kahlúa and milk. aaaah.

Easy: An ounce of Kahlúa and four ounces of milk does it. Now enjoy the adult milkshake. For some more interesting recipes, write Kahlúa, Box 742, Gilroy, CA 95020-0742.

Kahlúa. The International Liqueur.

©1992 BACARDI & COMPANY, INC. MEXICO

Canada

ALBERTA DEMANDS ITS DUE

By Suzanne Zwanen

Calgary citizen Don Harris ran out of patience with the 400-year-old Douglas fir growing on a beach adjacent to his cottage at Invermay, in northwestern B.C. For 60 years the tree had been a nesting spot for osprey, a protected predatory bird, but Harris was tired of the foot-slogging droppings icing his veranda and car. So last November he cut it down. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the surgery, the incident created a tempest in a tree-top. "People here just cried when they found out," an area nationalist reported. Others choked back their tears and called down Ugly Albertans. "They're not coming with our big cars and boats and building houses in the \$100,000 range," said another Calgary "citizen" owner. "A thing like this certainly doesn't help our cause."

In the Invermay valley, which British Columbian once considered their own piece of paradise, the phrase Ugly Albertan has become the currency of the recreational police. The former tropical club, half a day's drive from Calgary, has been invaded by wealthy Albertans; the people best able to afford the mounting real estate prices there demand more. Thousands of acres have been gobbled up, millions of dollars spent, services stretched to the snapping point. The canyon west was the best straw. Even though he acted up \$100,000 to build an artificial bird's nest, the sophisticated Harris could easily personally finance many Canadians currently shriveling down. Albertans—these residents of an all-shovelers who got too much rich and too little civilized. The Ugly Albertan has crowded out, in the Canadian mind, the traditional vision of the good western farmer and rancher, the lovers of wood and the discoverers of water, who gave their grain, corralled their cattle and needed to be pulled only once a year on the state of the weather.



Enthusiasm and Loughheed of Alberta's controversial oil pump-jacking a wave.

Even schoolchildren recognize third new Alberta. A 10-year-old in Ottawa, writing for a Canada Day essay contest, observed, if prime minister, to shape up the country. "First of all," wrote Brian Hartledge, "I would do something about Premier Loughheed. I don't need why he should have all the money from Alberta's natural resources. It just makes him sound like a pig. I would divide everything amongst Canadians." The child's elders are equally pining. Toronto Sun columnist Claire Hoy accuses "oil-rich Albertans of pure, adulterated, un-Canadian greed." Obscured with the notion of punishing Ontario for a series of real and/or imagined misdeeds. Back to back, he added, when Albertans protested his appointment from Vancouver, Laurie Loughheed reported after a visit that he found himself "overwhelmed" by Alberta's free, generous and lack of moral purpose. "Passive (provincial) governments have... passed glossy pic-

tures of declining resources, of plots by eastern bankers to seize them for their own benefit and of exiles by the federal government to rob Albertans of their fundamental rights in the resource area."

Albertans, in fact, are clearly that successive governments have created Alberta's alienation, an alienation that is not absolutely justified, and the exiles in their eyes, are 113 years of federal governments. Just as any Ontario schoolchild sees one version of Albertans, Alberta teenagers can readily parrot their premier's views. "The [constitutional] controls have made Alberta a rich and powerful province," wrote a Grade 10 essay-contest winner in Calgary, Evan Posen. "Get the money from oil and gas will not last forever. Alberta must manage its resources wisely, so that future generations can enjoy the prosperity that Alberta has today."

That, in a nutshell, is the Alberta viewpoint, a two-sentence summation

Maclean's

of what the summer-long oil pricing negotiations have been about, what the 11 first ministers are talking about in this week's meeting in Fredericton in Ottawa. Albertans are willing to support their argument and do, in hundreds of letters to the editor, in thousands of calls to phone-in radio shows, in dozens of think-tank papers, and speeches to various clubs. But they have come to wonder, as the premiers face a prime minister determined to protect the British North America Act this year, whether anyone is listening.

While Alberta and Ontario are apart



on the issue at which oil prices should rise, and sharply split over a gas export tax, Premier Peter Lougheed (see last page) says that the two governments are talking about more than \$200 million a barrel, now or later. "We're not talking about nearly money or subsidies. We are talking about a matter of very important principle. The principle, the belief, is that the West owns the oil, whether the West goes on being the breadbasket of Central Canada.

Albertans see Canada as a partnership of 10 provinces and two territories that has always, before the very definition of partnership, been run for the exclusive benefit of Ontario and Quebec. Roughly as Albertans, from car driver to chemistry professor, and a century's worth of grievances bleed. Thanks to brought-out negligence, the East charges Albertans 40 per cent more for the going price for clothing, 12 per cent more for automobiles, 30 to 50 per cent more for appliances. Both sides have their "proven statistics." On the one hand, Ontario boasts that it provides 41 per cent of all the wages distributed, under regulation, to its workers, to the home-run provinces. But

Alberta and Ontario say that, on a per capita basis, they contribute 2.6 times what the rest of Canada scrapes up. Central Canada exports the West least to oil at bargain basement prices when it is, in fact, charges exorbitantly high prices for its products. That alone will not move Alberta men, women and child \$3,000 this year, never most the billions lost over just years. Says Lougheed: "Two million Albertans know poverty while 10 million others know plenty while they're paying for oil if Ontario owned the oil."

The suddenly inclined can embellish elaborate theories proving that

and markets for grain and wheat that Eastern Canada would otherwise have to buy on the world market, as well as paying the freight.

A small but lingering after an apple might tag the heartlessness of the same Canadians who once packed OJIBS pads for drought-stricken Depression farmers. The winning of the wealthy comes less sympathy. Westerners are chronic complainers about Confederation, agrees David Berenson, a Montreal-born historian at the University of Calgary. "The West has never been richer, more stable or more assured of a

Edmonton: railway the money man I don't

the Central Canadian manufacturing complex was built on the bones of a first of structure that predated the West to the detriment of the West. C. V. Myers talked down to a small Prairie boy and as apple "I was here as the Alberta prairie," recalls Myers, founder of the *Western Canadian* magazine and an international economist consultant. "We lived in a shack 30 miles from a railway. As a kid, I rarely had fruit, we couldn't afford it. I don't ever remember being offered a sweetest on Nova Scotia apples." Due to difficulties with the federal government's tax department, Myers is living now in the U.S., an exile wanted for tax evasion, but he continues to preach the provincial viewpoint: Albertans pay one-quarter to one-third more for an automobile, more for localities, extraordinary higher prices for radios and TV sets, all in protest manufacturing interests right out of your pocket into the pockets of people in the eastern provinces. Myers includes the return of inadequate-served. From protection

golden future as food and energy resources grow more expensive in a world beset by increasing scarcity. The rules of the game that westerners accept—Confederation—give the ownership of natural resources to the provinces (ask the U.S.) and have made westerners winners. And still live West complacent, as bitterly as the Depression years.

Berenson was intrigued by Alberta on full voice that, three years ago, he published a book of emigration, "A historic critique of Confederation from the point of view of the losers." He found three valid ways of looking at Canada other than from the traditional "Donald Croupton Centre" viewpoint. Berenson points out that Canadians assume that their West, like the American West, was settled by people moving from east to west, but "it never happened." Instead, the Liberal government of Louis St. Laurent had to wage a campaign in Europe to attract immigrants to open the West, and these newcomers had no knowledge of, no connection with, Canada. They saw Central Canada as merely "a barren world of trees and rock flouting by frustrated train

the rest of the world of credit—both debating the expansion and that of a policy. (pp. 70-71) and "The West is a Prisoner. Kitchener's warning that if Ottawa imposed support for an autarkic, it would be a 'betrayal of the West' as Western Canada, in an interview with David Berenson, chief of the Western Canadian Council, said the West's conference he addressed.

Maclean's: What do you mean by "betrayal of the West?"

Lougheed: I don't want anybody that it would be like a declaration of war in the sense of an invasion of a people's rights of ownership.

Maclean's: That conjures up notions of going to the barricades physically.

Lougheed: No, of course it doesn't mean that at all. What I'm saying is that we have an understanding of the deep resolve of Albertans about the issue because they know that our present prosperity, which may be short-lived, is based upon our ownership of resources. And that we have a short time in our history in which to develop an economy and society here that is less dependent on external forces.

Maclean's: You're not meeting the decision of war with anything stronger than words?

Lougheed: The way the questions are phrased it sounds like I'm declaring the war. What we're saying is that if the federal government unilaterally imposes an export tax on natural gas on the people of Alberta it will mean a loss of thousands of Albertan jobs, and that will happen because the exporters will feel that the oil and gas in which they're operating in the province simply don't warrant their continuing with their exploration and development. And if that's the case, the jobs will be lost and opportunities would be lost.

Maclean's: Albertans say they're paying \$400 per barrel per day to Central Canada in lost of resources. Is that so?

Lougheed: I certainly do not. In 1985, in terms of value, Albertans will have collected for two million people about an aggregate of \$10 billion in one year. That is \$1,000 for every man, woman and child in the province. That's a lot of money. It's not a lot of money, but it's a lot of money.

Maclean's: Some of the pundits say that all Alberta and Ontario are arguing about is numbers and that neither people will actually reach agreement on numbers.

Lougheed: That's a real old, it's a real old in the minds and the hearts of Albertans. We are not talking about simply money or numbers. We are talking about a matter of very important principle. Our province and our people have lived by the rules of Confederation, including giving for freight rates, paying for health, paying education in our local history. Now circumstances have for a short period of time

allowed us to make our province and the federal government supported by the Ontario government, we're trying to change the rules. But we know and understand the destructively. And they consider it unfair in the province.

Maclean's: Has the staff of power well responded?

Lougheed: It's not so much power. It's control over one's own destiny. And I've continued to be in a position where we are a long way from the decision-making and the decision-making in the past has tended to leave these parts of the country that have large representation in the House of Com-

monwealth a great part for the West. The staff of power is going to change. But there will be some productivity and other things that if they're made it will other things involved. I think you'll see the Atlantic provinces starting to be a strong growth region of employment and that will challenge the West.

Maclean's: That certainly leaves Ontario squashed.

Lougheed: With Ontario, it's really being very the targeted if Canada could develop its position of being energy self-sufficient, the manufacturing components in Ontario are going to be much stronger than they



"I worry that we will be weakened and lose our resolve"

will be across the border because the Americans haven't got anywhere near the chance that Canadians have to become energy self-sufficient.

Maclean's: Having weakened Ontario's position, does Alberta want to get into a labor-intensive manufacturing sector?

Lougheed: No, and that's not our intention. We don't want the automobiles. I think what we want to do is take some of our agricultural products and process it here. Because manufacturing is a problem.

Maclean's: Do you have a population estimate for the year 2000 in Alberta?

Lougheed: Not that I can recall because there are about three scenarios. One is the same level of growth as today and the other one is more traditional growth, and the other one is continued uncertainty with the federal government which would be very low growth. I think we'll grow rapidly or should we resolve our issues with the federal government. But I think that the country was strong and economically well then our people would be out of production. **Maclean's:** Is there any way to equalize it other than money?

Lougheed: History is the biggest responsibility of all for us. I think in balancing it

will be across the border because the Americans haven't got anywhere near the chance that Canadians have to become energy self-sufficient.

Maclean's: Having weakened Ontario's position, does Alberta want to get into a labor-intensive manufacturing sector?

Lougheed: No, and that's not our intention. We don't want the automobiles. I think what we want to do is take some of our agricultural products and process it here. Because manufacturing is a problem.

Maclean's: Do you have a population estimate for the year 2000 in Alberta?

Lougheed: Not that I can recall because there are about three scenarios. One is the same level of growth as today and the other one is more traditional growth, and the other one is continued uncertainty with the federal government which would be very low growth. I think we'll grow rapidly or should we resolve our issues with the federal government. But I think that the country was strong and economically well then our people would be out of production. **Maclean's:** Is there any way to equalize it other than money?

Lougheed: History is the biggest responsibility of all for us. I think in balancing it

windows." Once settled, local allegiances grew naturally. The West turned in on itself, nurturing political revolt through third parties (the Social Credit, Progressives and CCF) directed at smashing the system. Concludes Berenson: "Our [western] sense of the national interest is usually too weak to override the local or regional interest in our thinking."

Albertans certainly aren't deeply committed to a concept of Canada that celebrates the historicists' idiosyncratic, often self-serving, and sometimes self-righteous writing in *Berenson's* Canada and the *Chronicle of Unity*, point out that Central Canadian aiders equally to their regional viewpoint and, by sheer force of numbers, to their own. The fact that the Central Canadaers have that what is good for Central Canada is good for all Canadians. Confederation, in the view from the bookends, was a contest of convenience, engineered by a dominant party (the Conservatives) to the advantage of centralized power, led by a prime minister who wished the province to be no more than glorified municipalities. Sir John A. Macdonald and freely self-styled "the Father of Confederation" were voting for Central Canada with the desires of all Canadians and embarked, in 1870, on a national policy "designed to hold the resource hinterlands of Atlantic Canada to the rounded industrial heartland of Ontario and Quebec."

strife to protect eastern industry and freight routes, which dominated the westward expansion of the country. The 1896 election of a Conservative government empowered grain producers to impose import duties and left the west at a permanent disadvantage in view of the east's superior access to the sea. The westward movement of the frontier was hampered by their provincial governments' fear of protection. And after a 60-year battle, the provinces wrested from the west the right to own their own resources and therefore the money they needed to develop them. The west's natural resources occurred on the eve of the Depression and did the West want good times, while the easting the rest of Canada had not New, having the means to develop the west. The west's autonomy, westerners grow hostile at the centre of Central Canada, in the guise of Ottawa, once again doing for Canada what it had done for the west and the hinterlands to the west.

People as divergent as Saskatchewan's NDP Premier Allan Rock and Alberta's Conservative Lieutenant Governor are united in the view that Western Canadians played the game by the rules when it was disadvantageous to them, and that the rules shouldn't be changed simply because Central Canada feels in-



Itakanay (top foreground) and Loughind, Itakanay, no people rooted national tree

self at a disadvantage. "The issue of energy is not really one about dollars," says Leachman. "It's a matter that we feel we have been by the rules of Confederation in the 15-year history of our province. Now, we seem to be witness for a short period of time and there's an attempt being made to change the rules."

Or, as industry sums it up: "We're not in any provincial control of resources as their might best be able to offer environmental status, to develop mature and stable economies, to become full economic partners in Canada." The nub is that the resources cannot be relied on for another 118 years of federal provincial conferences. "We're caught in a war and we're riding it," says Calgary oilman Jan Gray, executive vice-president of Canadian Hunter Exploration Ltd. "We know it has a beginning and an end. A war, period. We want to make our ride on it."

The waste is already petering out. For the 11th consecutive year, new Alberta oil discoveries in 1979 failed to keep pace with production. Although 34 million cubic metres of new oil was discovered during the year, production hit

oil and natural gas, meaning that Alberta's remaining established reserves figures had dropped to 781 billion cubic metres, enough perhaps to last out the decade. The outlook for natural gas was equally bleak. Alberta's 1985 natural gas reserves stood at 1,000 billion cubic metres, an increase of 83 billion cubic metres in 1978. But a natural gas isn't banking the profits it once was.

Provincial Treasurer Lou Hyndman admitted in August that Alberta's economy "is in a very tight spot." He said, "The only way" to reach the \$8.5-billion level previously forecast for March 31, 1981, a drop in natural gas exports to the U.S., prompted by a seven-week embargo to the U.S. by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, would be to raise the federal surtax by \$200 to \$300 million. A federal decision to impose a natural gas export tax would create a crisis, says Lougheed, and most Albertans "thousands and thousands" of jobs would be lost. "If you cut half of our labor force is employed, directly or indirectly, by the petroleum industry. If the petroleum industry decides to reduce outputs, it just has to affect, in a very real way, the whole economy of the province."

The whole of the wealthy, again Bill Yorko, a Tory who left the Alberta legislature to become federal MP for Edmonton East, allows now that the bedouin nomads may be the only people to have capital ideas. The Heritage Trust Fund is probably the greatest mistake the Alberta government ever made," he says. While the fund—\$64 billion after five years of savings—may make Albertans look pretty to other Canadians, "it is a waste of money," he says. "It is a body more than the cost of running the province for a year, that the whole would could, in turn, save the federal government \$2 billion a year in oil subsidies." Yorko says that the province's rich waters, Yorko says. They simply need enough money to cover the man-

sive, and potentially crippling, costs of further oil and gas development which are inevitable if Canadians—and just Albertans—are ever to be self-sufficient in energy.

By Wes's calculations, Alberta will have to lay hands on \$66 million—almost 50 heritage funds—in the next decade, in buses, hospitals and highways. The \$40,000 Canadiana program in Alberta is not for oil, and to enable the province to cover the costs of future oil development, development that Yurko argues convincingly could solve the whole country's energy problems for the foreseeable future. Up to now, he says, the system-based banking institutions (most of them with assets for outstripping the heritage funds) have been the "points of decision" for



Turkey: the power that accompanies conflict

the newsmakers from the Privy Council last month, that Ottawa's experts (wrote) the constitutional talks to fail. Then, shortly after the session ended, Trudeau will recall Parliament to announce he will move unilaterally to patriate the British North America Act, complete with amending formula. About the same time, Trudeau will announce that since Alberta won't budge on the oil-pricing issue, Ottawa must also act unilaterally on a new agreement, complete with natural gas export tax. That would lead Canada into a national referendum.

And that, says Stanley Roberts, would be fatal. The referendum would now become pointless Central Council



the distribution of capital in Canada. "What Alberta wants to do is create a capital pool from oil and gas revenues so that the point of decision—for the interests of Albertans—is here in the province."

Canadians are going through their first major shift in wealth. The U.S. has sent its economic power shift from the eastern seaboard, to the Midwest, and on to California in 150 years. It's sliding now to the Sun Belt. Canadians, Yarko says, have yet to come to grips with the natural flow of capital and human resources to the points of external resources. And Central Canada, founded on Macdonald's National Policy, is doing everything possible to stifle, stop and restrain the otherwise natural flow of capital and wealth from one region to another.

Laughed and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, on the eve of this week's constitutional talks which Laughed predicted, in advance, would fail, got themselves mired in a schoolyard dispute over a birthday party. Trudeau's office made it clear he wanted to be invited to Alberta's 75th anniversary celebration on Labor Day. Laughed's office invited him, belatedly, to a lunch when the PM really basked after the outdoor party with the birthday cake. The petroleum

The oil dispute is seen in the 'Edmonton Journal' (left) and the Toronto 'Globe and Mail' not just in news and numbers

be disrupted (there's even bigger talk over the real issue than the \$250,000 worth of fireworks sent up in Edmonton that day). Trudeau and Looghead are locked in a battle to their death, or retirement, over what Canada is to become. Whether it's as Trudeau says: "If you weaken the centre [the federal government], you weaken Canada. And if you weaken Canada, you damage all of its parts." Or as Looghead says: "Canada is too large a country, with too many a population, to have democracy making sense. We must embrace a One-Party State." They might, as Looghead half-seriously, half-laughingly suggests, go on storming that, over 2002.

"My belief is that 1986 will be recorded as the year Canada either survived intact, as it did," says Stanley Roberts, president of the Canada West research organization. He sees an unlikely deterioration in the provinces and, furthermore, after a summer of railing the troops, laughed his eight provinces, more or less, lined up behind him (the exception being Ontario's William Davis).

has a majority. The West would reject it "and the West would not react to such a defeat in the subdued manner that Quebec has to its referendum. The western mood would be politically explosive and most dangerous to our nation's future."

Albertans, when they're not being traitor bait, are baffled and bewildered because other Canadians can't see the utter justice of their case. They played the game and now, faced with a rule change, it has become more than a game. The pricing of oil, the repatriation of the BNA Act, have become the fabric of a war that has unfolded since Confederation and has, in the characteristic Canadian way, become a civil war. It is everything but the shooting of live ammunition.

On Bastille Day in the Lord Nelson Inn in downtown Calgary, a cheapseudo-sentimental by night stood up and proposed a toast: "We, ladies and gentlemen, let's drink to Canada on its birthday." There were, in the big bar, sounds of absolute silence. Then the house exploded into cheers. "It was," an abandoned drinker said later, "quite un-Canadian. We only do that sort of thing when we go to war." The country is, in a sense, at war. The good news is that Canadians are still willing to drink to Canada. ☺

© 2005 The Authors
Journal compilation © 2005 Blackwell Publishing Ltd

done something that no individual had ever done before—he had raised almost \$2 million for cancer research.

Canada's medical system is in hospital, in good splits. Meanwhile, the country is in a flurry of fund-raising for cancer research. Contributions are coming from everywhere. Governments, cities, small communities are making pledges. The new network will now open up four hours of prime-time Sunday-night television for a tribute to Terry Fox. Hedges will be taken. One radio station, CISM, in Toronto has raised more than \$250,000. The country is in a frenzy of giving, not just money, but cancer research, but for Terry Fox.

Meanwhile, he is undergoing chemotherapy. The prognosis varies. Dr. Raymond Bask, director of the Ontario Cancer Foundation, says that during the last few years the success rate for treatment of Terry's type of cancer has improved from 20 per cent to anywhere between 60 and 70 per cent. Yet other medical experts from Vancouver say that Terry's cancer is one of the most dangerous, spreading frequently to other parts of the body, especially the lungs. One cancer expert said how cancer kills young people between ages 18 and 30 especially hard, and that there is only a 10-per-cent survival rate over a five-year period.

Terry bravely promises to return, to finish the run he started, next year, the year after—maybe. But he accomplished what he set out to do. It was summed up by Sheila Fox (no kin to Terry's Katherine), Terry's Canadian Society representative, who said, "You know, they say the United States is built on a history of heroes while Canada has none to look up to. But when I looked down the street today and saw Terry, I said, 'There's a hero.'"

With Bill Ives. V.K. Porten

Will the real Marcus Welby please stand up

Canadians have always been especially proud of medicine. It has been called, perhaps hyperbolically, the most progressive legislation ever enacted on the North American continent. It has been studied thoroughly by other countries. And, perhaps most importantly, it is often listed out as one of the key illustrations of the difference between Canada's values and those of the United States—a sort of civilized socialism as opposed to the rubies every-man-for-himself free enterprise that, mythically at least, character-

izes the American approach.

Little wonder then that recent disturbing reports about the abuses of medicine—government cutbacks on spending and doctors opting out of the scheme—caused public and political furor. Last week, 81-year-old Bennett Hall, a famous Supreme Court of Canada justice, considered the father of medicine in Canada, released a report aimed at nudging medicine back toward its original lofty goal: that no one in a country as rich as Canada should have to face financial ruin because of illness.

Hall's report covered many aspects of health delivery in the country, but his main recommendations were that governments should discourage doctors from extra billing their patients; that some form of binding arbitration be established to settle the increasingly acrimonious dispute between governments and doctors about fees; and that the three provinces that levy health-care premiums should phase them out.

Nine provinces, with the exception of

Quebec, have the right to do that. But there was a problem: in some small communities, if the only doctors in town opted out, there was no choice. And in some specialties—particularly in urban centres such as Toronto—so many doctors have opted out of the plan that it was difficult for a patient to find a psychiatrist or an ophthalmologist, for example, who charged the standard rate. For Hall the trend had to be stopped before it produced two medical systems—one for the rich and one for the poor.

Not surprisingly, doctors objected furiously—although there was tacit approval of the binding arbitration proposal. Dr. Alex Mandelville, president of the B.C. Medical Association, denounced Hall's suggestion that extra billing is inequitable and is a "socialist concept." He continued, "Hospitals treat people more equitably than any other segment of society. Just look at hospitals. We have the low-class people

Baskin, Hall, Mandelville. The only good



Quebec, which has special restrictions, allow doctors to charge their patients more than the rates regulated between governments and doctors' associations. The results of this trend have been felt acutely in Ontario, where up to 18 per cent of doctors had opted out of medicine in 1979. They claimed their incomes were declining, that they had to work too long and the hand in coverage. Others had philosophical objections. "You have a choice of what fringe payments you want; you should be able to choose the best doctor," says Joan Chelkowski, a family practitioner from Mississauga, Ont. In other words there should be a Gulliver medical ser-



"Huh? Since this one doesn't leave before he pays his bill?"



The Air Show—

You fold here. Your friends fold there. And with a flick of the wrist you turn your backyard balcony into an air show. With big paper jumbos floating down to land. And tightly folded jets streaming by. Then you take a moment out from being Captain to act as Steward and serve vodka and tonic. Made with the crystal clear taste of Smirnoff, of course, the vodka that leaves you breathless. And you sip slowly, because you don't want to throw caution to the wind.

Smirnoff Style



who aren't taking care of themselves." That sort of attitude isn't likely to endear the public to the dietary cause, any more than two other intriguing dimensions turned up by Hall's researchers. One is a study that shows a shocking trust in doctors on the part of the public; the other is a survey that predicts an average net income of more than \$75,000 for Ontario doctors this year—seven years after taxes, a comfortable salary.

However, not all doctors share Mandeville's gloomy view. The Medical Reform Group of Ontario—a small association of reform-minded doctors and medical students—praised the Hall report, and many individual physicians are privately sceptical. Hall's estimate that of the 450 beds he recorded in his year-long study, not one called for the abolition of medicine.

The crucial question is now what governments will do with the report, considering David Crombie last September. Health care is jointly financed by the federal and provincial governments in a complex arrangement that leaves delivery of the service largely up to the provinces. These governments—Ontario, British Columbia and Alberta—run money for health care through premiums, largely paid by employers. But that still leaves out people working in small businesses, or the self-employed paying up to \$400 a year in Ontario for medical coverage for a family of four. Hall proposed that system be abolished and called for an immediate investigation of claims that many poor families in Ontario may enjoy cancer after the premiums but are owners of government-subsidized schools and are walking around uninsured. So far all three governments have reacted negatively to the proposal. Alberta Health Minister David Russell said that while his province can afford to scrap the premiums (they won't, because they are "an important philosophical element in Alberta's health-care system"), B.C.'s Mandeville was more blunt: "If [medical service] is free, you take advantage of it."

That lands the problem squarely in the lap of federal Health Minister Michael Biegun, who will fight it out with her provincial counterparts at a meeting in Ottawa next week. "As soon as I came into this department, I saw very rapidly the clear link between poverty and lack of access to health care," she said in June. But what—alors of threatening to cut off federal funding—can she do to bring the provinces in line? The problem is doubly complicated by the current easy relationship between election-bound Ontario Premier W.

John Davis and Pierre Trudeau, who are facing a convulsion from against the other provinces on the constitutional issue. It is hardly surprising that Ontario Health Minister Dennis Tinkler—who has defended the premium system—has been extremely circumspect about the Hall report.

Nevertheless, Mr. Justice Hall, whose 1984 report paved the way for medicine, has provided a sobering prognosis. But will the warring politicians come up with a cure? **Stanis Riley**

Not everybody's kind of people

The boroughs of West Vancouver's exclusive Panorama Village had a quiet life. Their \$100,000 to \$250,000 condominiums live on a cul-de-sac carved into the heavily forested mountainside—a breeding wall of subdivided plans and order starting over Vancouver harbor and the city. When the books burned last month that their

view might be spoiled by strutting human beings or a wedding Mount St. Helens' erupting plumes of flour, they snuggled against to West Vancouver's mayor. Source of the problem is the massive Panorama Film Studio above the village, which last week began producing the reborn *Conquered*. Let's Make a Deal, a frantic game show which gobbles up to 600 wildly attired would-be contestants a day. The program's producers, Caluma Productions, quickly moved to provide a \$250 shuttle-bus ride from downtown Vancouver to avoid parking snarls and last week, as filming started, the tinted windows of Gray Line buses and a dozen security guards kept the filmgoers, snatching prize-winners out of sight.

Object of the contestants' passions, besides the Maytag dishwashers and Broghill bedrooms sets, is Winnipeg-born miss Motty ("Pick me, Motty") Hall, who was coaxed back to the show following a three-year hiatus. After 3,500 daily episodes, he had packed in the Los Angeles-produced *Deal* "was tired," he says. In its time, the game show had been astonishingly durable.



Measuring for Motty on Let's Make a Deal? Just left, left, 400 vehicles a day



giving away more \$80 million in prizes over 13½ years. "I watched for years and years, with my mother and my grandmother," says Barbara Murray, 36, a Vancouver housewife who last week traded off a lovely prize of two vacations for \$4,519 worth of furniture. Hall, who owns half the rights to Let's Make a Deal, says candidly, "I'd have preferred to do another show, but the timing wasn't right." The money-craving appears to be. In an industry devoted to blue-collar shows such as *Deal*, *Deal* is viewed as a pure thing, already syndicated in 62 major American markets (although none in Canada). The

snag for the taping of 200 shows with an option for 600 more is something of a snag for Caluma, which, along with its American partners, takes advantage of similar federal Canadian tax breaks that move co-production moves in order to qualify, two standbys on the original show, machine-gun-mouthed comedian Jay Byrnes and business Carol Merrill, have been replaced by Canadian-born Edmonton announcer Chuck Chandler and two Vancouver models.

None of the all-mothers wheeling and dealing concerns the carshow would be players who are matched off buses into two solitary lines behind the studio while longtime *Deal* writers Nat and Bernie ("No last names, please") choose the 25 questions "random" per show. The rest are subjects, self-consciously coached into a speedy battle by show prompters "it's a good night, it's a good night, it's a good night."

Laughs George Brosnan and Lilja Rother, both waitresses at a Vancouver R.Y.s restaurant, who swapped Don Perreux champagne to the bus ride over. They were dressed, on the show's splendid costume tradition, as a shrike and the Jelly Green Ghost. In counterpoint was Barb Jensen, 31, a Surrey waitress dressed like Marilyn Vikers, who missed out on a \$19,000 Peugeot sedan when she stumbled over the spelling of the car-maker's name. "It just a game show," she sighed.

Hall, a trim and tanned 56, bristles at the Panorama Village controversy (manufactured by the Vancouver Pressmen's West Vancouver City Manager I.T. Lester, meanwhile, says the shuttle service needs to be worked, and dismissed some condo owners who wanted the human pickles off the streets. "We can't control personal freedoms, thank you," Motty also says in his face-to-face against the profitable chains of bookishness "They're my people," he says. To prove it, he recalls a recent outside party at his California country club, for which he and five friends dressed green instead, bottle-cap hats and emerald themselves in a cardboard curtain. The dressed and reportedly successful actor, a neophyte of Porcine.

Thomas Hipsley/John Masters

The battle of the Band-Aids

The popular Red Cross image in blood-drops clinics, kids' winter clinics and disaster relief, whereas the St. John Ambulance means pre-learned first-aid teams on duty at football games or teaching parents skills in police, firemen and industry. But with the advent of an emergency, the two suggest agencies are



despite its group's having offered numerous concessions during the long drawn-out negotiations chaired by Robertson. Now that, it's an, learns how the battle "will take a long time and there will be a bit of a fight." Both men credit William Lorington, Red Cross executive-committee chairman, with having brought patience and a strong personal commitment to the search for a possible division of territory. However, Lorington was unable to dissuade his opposition from rejecting a draft agreement that Robertson described as being "very close," and deciding that the competitive approach was as



Red Cross instructor (top), St. John Ambulance (bottom) trainees were members at

ready to start training in the streets over who gets to split up the poor battered cities in the gutter. Daily during the spectacle is Dr. Roger Robertson, a past principal and vice-chancellor of McGill University, who, by last week, had abandoned his four-year effort to lead their differences and get agreement on dividing responsibility for first-aid training—traditionally the province of the St. John Ambulance.

The Red Cross battle cry, "The province of first aid—at all levels—is a noncompetitive way," could stemroller the St. John, which depends on first-aid training fees from business and municipalities for 65 per cent of its \$8-million budget. By comparison, the far larger and more diversified Red Cross has a budget of \$60 million.

The fray will mean duplication of services and a waste of money, laments Robertson C. J. Lorne, chairperson of the St. John Ambulance Association, among the Canadian Red Cross Society of "trying to learn it at our expense,"

good for first-aid work as for selling patch-bits.

The Red Cross says expansion of its first-aid training "only will be helpful" in Canada, pointing out that, while accidents are a leading cause of death only 15 per cent of Canadians are trained according to first aid. Says Christine Lorington: "There is plenty of room for expansion by the St. John Ambulance and the Red Cross without waste of money or duplication of services." Program director Dr. Wayne Haxton insists the Red Cross won't be interfering now, but describes its recently developed first-aid training program as having "great application to industry and business—the St. John's area of concentration."

The Red Cross seems to be in no more co-operative a mood today than in 1942, when Ottawa had to employ the War Measures Act to get it working in harmony with St. John, or when it was co-opted 1960 member government-mandated agreement in 1960, abandoned in 1976. The newly drawn battle lines may produce more casualties than the two first-aid seems between them can raise.

Paul Karing

*Which individual would have got to be released, pending a review by federal officials.

The slicked-down hair and full mustache were new, but the haughty style was familiar as Freddie Mercury's vocals soared through 50 speakers in one of the five outdoor grandstands at the Canadian National Exhibition which closed last week. His group, **Queen**, dazzled 30,000 with an eye-blinking light show and planes of fire for 30 minutes. Mercury, an accomplished pianist who struts even when he stands still, does almost to seem several iterations. A torchbearer is something to be thrown to the crowd and a guitar is but an accessory. "I don't usually play that," he admitted at one point, adding candidly, "I only know four chords."

Anyone who accepts the External Affairs portfolio in a cabinet run by **Pierre Elliott Trudeau** must expect some identity problems. So when **Mark MacGillivray** accepted the job last March and forthrightly let it be known that he was going to be his own man, there were some who heard the silence from 24 Sussex Drive and had their doubts. Last week the word from Ottawa was that MacGillivray may be about to have his identity crisis solved for long—ever, at all things, the support that Prime Minister **Maurice Bishop** wants to build in Grenada. The man across whom the European Community's commissioner for development aid, **Gaston Gosselin**, scribbled that Cuba was behind Bishop out and suggested that Canada should combine with the EC and others to remove the Cuban contribution and replace **Fidel Castro**. MacGillivray's reaction was an appreciative hunchback about the dangers of Biko under the runway. Trudeau, however, lent Gosselin a more sympathetic ear. The result is a revival in the feud between External Affairs and the Canadian International Development Agency, which likes the idea of outgunning both Castro and its longtime punching partner at External. The hot money goes no content: It'll be Trudeau and CIDA by a knockout.

"I didn't want to run anymore," said former Tipper leader and very revolutionary **Abbie Hoffman**, as he turned himself in last week after 6½ years of underground life. In 1970, Hoffman was arrested for trying to provide 15 kilos of cocaine to a man who he fed the mainstream of life to avoid a painful life sentence. The story of his drop-out years is revealed in his autobiography, *Soos to Be a Major Motion Picture*, which was "nonchalantly" released the same week Hoffman repaid to the police and made an appearance on ABC's 70/30 show with **Barbara Walters** presiding. "There are too many people of the



MacGillivray leaving the spoils of pugilism

Who turned sour in the '70s, turned rich in the '80s," Hoffman, 42, who lived under the name **Barry Peter** in Fresno, N.Y., near the Canadian border. Though he now sports near attention to his face by a plastic surgeon, Hoffman contends like the same old jester he always was. "Once a Yippie, always a Yippie."

There's no doubt that in time/The composing of rhymes/Will be one of our North East traditions. So wrote New York teacher **Edward Butler**, 52, when **Mayor John Lindsay** wrote him in last week as the Metro Toronto municipality's official poet laureate. For giving all the news that stuns at official functions, Butler, who has been published in his school's staff bulletin, will be paid a nickel-for-rhymes fee of \$1 a year.

Least negotiator **Thomas Sulak** hates to be kept waiting—especially by hardy Indian ministers. Sulak spent a year in Ottawa, waiting for the Indian Affairs Ministry to assign a negotiator to discuss land claims of the Indian Dugway over about 1½ million square miles of tundra and snow. After 15 months of no action, Sulak pulled his suitcase and left the capital, returning to his home in Spokane, Wash. N.W.T. Indian Affairs Minister **John Moore**, who was in a Hamilton, Ont., hospital suffering as a shame in his jaw following removal of its sore, refused, was vexed by Sulak's move. Sulak, He promptly hired Spokane lawyer **Robert Mitchell** to head land negotiations for the eastern Arctic. That's not quite good enough for Sulak, who suggests that from now on negotiations should have to come to him.

It would have seemed incongruous for **Joe Frazier** to have hugged and kissed referee **Arthur Mercante** after outpoint-

Mercury strutting while he stands still



ing **Muhammad Ali** in 1971, but the match-up was so close: Actress **Gwen Farnell**, 42, who has played a variety of nurses on **M*A*S*H**, recently received her license to referee fights in California. Already a jillion 15-pound victor has awarded Farnell with hips and knees, but she is now one of the older sports of pugilism. "I've had a lot of beer on the back of my skirt, so I know the referee gets all the crap."

The fifth annual Festival of Festivals, its doors to international thespians last week. "At Cannes, they make you dress up and treat you shabbily. Here you don't have to dress up," said producer **Bill Marshall**, who was honored for his founding role by Festival director **Wayne Corkson**. Nevertheless, Marshall was a trouble to the opening night gala, covering of *Leaving Couples*, starring **James Caan** and **Sissy Spacek**. Caan's and their accompanying lineups were in a frenzy around the theatre as he refused to make

their way through the throngs who gathered for a glimpse. Among those spreading the gala were **Celine Dion** also stars in Marshall's film *Mr. Pigeon* and **Comet** executive producer **David Schickel**, 56, who arrived with his Saskatchewan-born wife **Joyce**. Schickel and daughter **Marshall**. "I love the parties," said Schickel, who is supervising \$125 million worth of TV and movie production for *Time-Life* Inc. this year. "It's about love, marriage, adultery and being together—everything that's happening today."



The Saskatchewan-blinking evening nighters

When **Stan Karzon** splits a cup of coffee, he doesn't say, "Somebody, please help me clean this up." He says, "Look! I have created a mess!" So observed Montreal-born comic and several pounds **Monty Python** his musical rival, who died at the age of 68 last year. Karzon's fans love that sort of anecdotal tribute to the band leader's memory, and inside the week they will be treated to 322 pages of the man's life in a biography titled *Stan Karzon: Artist in Shadow*. Author **William F. McEwen**, 34, first attended a Karzon concert in 1945 and found that "the sheer volume just blew me off my feet." Now dean of the University of Maine's music school, McEwen spent two years assembling his story, which includes about 200 photographs chronicling Karzon from the cradle to the grave. McEwen interviewed Karzon extensively before his death and consulted about 400 of Karzon's "players, writers, singers and bus drivers." "Bus drivers?" "Oh, yes, Karzon believed if you were on the road you had to be literally on the road. That bus was his creative headquarters."



Lee and Karzon (right) artistic lives

Just when **Talbot** reading *When* **Johnny** is my boy-burn coming into view, **The Grange** guitarist left the group and was replaced by a woman

known as **Julie M. Nevertheless**, the New York-based artist continues to pump out what he best knows variably as popability and noodle sensibility. "Anghy trying to be serious reekiness is missing the point," contends singer **Joe Satriani**. "It's not as simple as being an artist." Though their second album is titled *Songs for the Love of God*, The Grange don't take themselves all as seriously as Christian convert **Bob Dylan**. Having recreated a church in Utah that is named after **Joyce Marshall**, rhythm guitarist **Polina** (or **Polina**) co-creates "There're all the same god God, Krishna, Joyce Marshall." Interviewer: **Interior**. "Yes, but Joyce Marshall is not a saint."

It's hoped to women because they can identify with what I sing about," explains rhythm and blues singer **Marlene**, whose latest album, *For Men Only*, should serve to dispel the feminist charge dubbed in to her by **Robert** and the crew at **Ms. magazine**. Indeed, wearing straight-up sequined *Spandex* body suits and singing about the woes of stay-at-home husbands and the loneliness of the kept woman hardly qualify her as a belabored feminist. "I'm just trying to be true to life," says Jackson, who sprinkles her songs with earthy language and metaphorical dialogue reminiscent of early *Paul Robeson* and *Richard Pryor* albums. "Feminists just seem annoyed at my belief in my own women's song," she complains. "I'm sure many of them don't listen all the way through my albums."

They are calling it a "trade war" and, although they have yet to do battle on the high seas, *Displacement* has been noted on both sides of the Atlantic. The satirical combatants are *Canada's* *Telidon* and *British Telecom*. The two videotape series have seen an intense competition in the international marketplace and *Telidon*, affording the newest technology, has been doing quite well for itself, thank you. With an all-year-on-low-and-orporate-massive awards, the British issued a statement this summer that their system was sanctioned by an international governing body as "the preferred videotape standard." When word of "the error of fact" made its way to Canadian shores, Minister of Communications **Francis** **Freer** took occasion to parody *Archie* the British of "not playing cards." Freer issued his own statement noting that the competition means "to be obscuring the facts." *Andrew* *Shaw*, a lobbyist for British Telecom, insists that it's all a misunderstanding. "It is not intended to come to Canada to discuss the matter," he says, "but I fear of being about at the border."

Edited by **Marsha Boulton**

churned pain on earth you sense the Polish crisis?" For sheer excitement, a soccer match pitting a top club in Warsaw against Leeds United Wednesday lost the stakes, hands down. Far from begging the newscasters for the latest word, the crowd had returned to living up on the main drag, Marszałkowska, for its own—the no-daily-apocalypse-as-plagues-the-people's-legendary-event seat.

An excellent bannerer of crisis is the black-market rate for dollars offered by the hustlers who approach tourists around the big hotels. Normally, these rates higher than the official rate, it seemed to me three times when nations turned sticky in Gdansk. On Saturday it was down to four.

Do the Poles realize they are living historic days? Not really. Events have moved far too quickly, leaving them not a little apoplectic. "It will take us months to digest the largest parts," said economist Tadeusz Sobieszek. "But I don't expect Polish society to be torn apart—surely we mean to gradually graft change onto the present system to create our own brand of socialism." A leading Warsaw journalist, who asked not to be identified, pointed out that Poland's geographical position meant it could not aspire to Western democracy. "But we certainly hold out for the very best brand of socialism available," he added. Still, no one imagines for a moment that the astonishing freedom granted in Gdansk and elsewhere will



Reading about the party switch, the heavy betting was on another candidate.

be honored in full. "All we can hope for is that when the government starts whittling away there will be enough meat left on the bone to change the lot of Polish workers," said Sobieszek.

So much for hope. What is likely to be the reality? It has been the government's policy throughout to get people back to work, even if it meant using humble pie, making Michal Moczor offer, surrendering long-held principles and—last week—offering the party leader's head. But as a TV speech hours before Gdansk's departure, the new prime minister, Jacek Pankowski, made a plea that probably contained the key to its future fate. "We must absolutely pile on the work in order to compensate

for the losses incurred by the strikes and to inspire confidence among workers in the West," he insisted.

Western economists, who estimate losses from the walkout at anything between \$2 and \$4 billion, couldn't agree more, despite President Jimmy Carter's willingness at week's end to offer a further \$125 million in food credits, on top of 1983's \$500 million.

But Pankowski also touched on a new point here. Although Poland's industrial workers are a pampered minority—a worker's salary of 20,000 zlotys is twice matches that of an associate university professor—they are not home workers of the hammer or the shovel.

"In fact, they're work-shy if you compare them to the East Germans and Czechs," said a Canadian economist on post in Warsaw. "You can find excuses for them because they're infected by the hopelessness of an economic situation in which transportation, energy and farming have all but collapsed. But the fact remains they are inefficient and underproductive."

When the strikers were facing work government negotiators at Gdansk, it was their common—and emotional—belief that they could make up for work lost through their 18-day strike by turning in a week of "real work." Additionally, some promised, in the event of victory, to work quite a lot harder in the future. The government now shows every sign of holding them to that word. ☐

U.S.A.

Marching to a different drummer



By Michael Posner

Dreaming in when you listen to the campaign of independent presidential candidate John Anderson is either poised to erupt into a discourse or about to run out of gas. The discourses of glass are still overrunning. There is no money in the campaign chest, they say—yet enough to mount the club network television ads Anderson needs. Three sides remain last week, and the entire campaign was abruptly tossed into the willing lap of New York radio master David Garth—a self-proclaimed analyst, but not universally loved. Perhaps worst of all, the choice of former Wisconsin governor and Kennedy supporter Pat Lahey as running mate is unlikely to deliver the vote-getting power Anderson must generate in the northeast. All of these factors have been reflected in the polls, which now show the born-again Illinois congressman with roughly 15 per cent support—the figure nearly his most reach to qualify for the televised League of Women Voters presidential debates.

Last week, however, Anderson seemed to shrug off adversity to score two modest but significant victories. The Federal Election Commission (FEC) ruled his campaign eligible for retro-

Anderson (above), Clark (below left), Davis (center), and Conradi (below right) are too small for us to all on the elections



No good news from the weapon front

Mikhail Gorbachev's gleaming oval of his wife Yelena attempting to construct a wooden coffin with their bare hands. 1.4 million were, at week's end, anxiously eager to witness the collapse of nuclear efforts to control the spread of nuclear weapons. The heroic symbolism of Gorbachev's "glasnost" policy, for the League of Nations, seemed utterly appropriate in view of the failure of that body.

The occasion was the final session of the control nuclear conference on the non-proliferation of nuclear weapons. After four sessions of ever-widening armistice disagreements, the conference president, James T. Patterson, declared that the U.S. delegates from Paris, could then to Washington on the 10th, to meet in order to review the progress of the conference. Patterson's declaration was that the U.S. delegates from Paris, could then to Washington on the 10th, to meet in order to review the progress of the conference.

The Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (NPT) signed in 1968 is essentially a bargain between the nuclear haves and the



Mikhail Gorbachev and Elena Gorbacheva

have not, in which the nuclear weapon states have agreed to negotiate in order to the arms race and nuclear supplier states agree to help non-nuclear states to acquire nuclear technology for peaceful purposes.

The three nuclear weapons signatories the U.S., Soviet Union and U.K. were not fully in the book for failing to curtail their design by Ambassador Shaojie, Rostov of Mexico. Meeting a group of 77 developing countries. Since signing the treaty he said the three powers had cut off 481 nuclear experiments and increased their total of nuclear weapons from 5,000 to 16,000. Canada's Donald McPhail agreed with

much of the criticism and called for a return to the Tlatelcoatl strategy of arbitration, by dropping the arms race of the program on which it feeds. However, McPhail could not disagree with supporters of Gorbachev's policy throughout to get people back to work, even if it meant using humble pie, making Michal Moczor offer, surrendering long-held principles and—last week—offering the party leader's head. But as a TV speech hours before Gdansk's departure, the new prime minister, Jacek Pankowski, made a plea that probably contained the key to its future fate. "We must absolutely pile on the work in order to compensate

The group of 77 made few promises as acceptable in the three nuclear weapon powers, an immediate moratorium on nuclear tests, adherence by the U.S. and Soviet Union to the NPT, strictly the establishment of a working group to take over the bilateral negotiations for a comprehensive nuclear test ban treaty and the appointment of a smaller group to oversee steps toward general disarmament.

As things stood when Gorbachev to Washington some of the signatory states were coming round to the new initiative by Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Kozyrev. To them it seemed that states that have incurred or are on the threshold of acquiring the bomb—Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, North Korea, Egypt, India, Israel, Pakistan, South Africa and Spain—might have been the new nuclear cause. **Ian Mather**

1980, has articulated a thoughtful platform, calling for a coalition of disaffected Republicans, Democrats and independents to lead "hard new ideas" for solving America's myriad problems. "The planet is too small, too crowded, too dangerous and too fearful for any of us to sit on the sidelines any longer." Commence with the ballot in 1987? Spend about \$500,000 in his campaign drive. Says DeLoach: "We're frankly looking to 1994. If we can win five per cent, we'll be able to retire our debts and be eligible for matching funding in '92. If we don't, we'll wait the sidelines, we're in this state."

That state claim is made by the Libertarian party, which likewise expects to represent a new coalition of angry or confused Americans. Its candidate, attorney Ed Clark, will likely be on the ballot in 50 states. Two years ago, he ran for governor of California, garner-

ing 400,000 votes. This autumn, running on a platform that stresses deregulation of the economy, curb on military spending, a whapping tax cut and a system of tax credits for public and private education, he may do surprisingly well.

At least three left-wing parties have nominated tickets for November, including the Communist party, headed by Gus Hall and former Black Panther militant Angela Davis. The Workers World Party is championing DeLoach, a former waitress, once cited by the House Committee on Un-American Activities as one of the country's most dangerous radicals. The party is only-racist, anti-semitic, anti-capitalist. Its two-presidential hopefuls: black activist Larry Holmes (the relative to the fighter) is described in campaign literature as a veteran of the Vietnam war, which is a subtle way of saying that Holmes did not actually serve in Vietnam, having been sent de-

quently to the stockade for attempting to organize servicemen against the war.

If these backgrounds seem anticlimactic, the Socialist Workers Party may face an even more difficult handicap: Its candidate, Chicago steelworker Andrew Palley, is under constitutional age for president (35) and thus must be replaced on the ballot in most states by a proxy. According to a party spokesman, Palley was the best qualified for the job, and had been to Grenada, thus giving him foreign policy expertise. The two socialist parties plan to spend more than \$100,000, at least 10 times as much as Rep. John G. Martin's Third World Assembly. A Baptist minister in Washington, D.C., Martin has been campaigning every day since January, but so far has made it onto the ballot in just three states. Who was it said that God was on the side of the big battalions?

Quoted 1979's Domestic Manual Bureau (1979-1980)

It's bloodier in the Bahamas

It has become known in diplomatic circles that "the mystery of the body in the boat," and does have some of the classic ingredients of a whodunit: a missing corpse, an abandoned yacht and the specter of piracy in a Caribbean setting. The central character is Harry Yousell, a member of the Baha'i faith, who was on a powerboat trip with his son off the Bahamas the summer when they spotted a small yacht adrift in a cove. A rubber dinghy was bobbing in the swell alongside and hanging over the side of the dinghy was—the body of a man. He had been shot in the back.

The yacht, built in America, had, with several holes in it. There was no one, no blood. But Yousell found bloodstains and shotgun pellets in the remodeled cabin. He alerted the Staniel Cove Yacht Club which could police in Nassau. And, significantly in view of subsequent events, Yousell filed the grisly scene with his movie camera. As he explained last week, it was a hot 20 hours before police went out to the boat—and when they got there, they said the body was gone. There was, police said, no sign that a crime had been committed.

Frustrated and angry, Yousell contacted the U.S. was combed only to be told that the United States had no jurisdiction in the matter. But he was not prepared to let the matter drop and hunted out the fact that the Kalia II belonged to a middle-aged Florida couple, Warren and Joan. Yousell contacted their boat out of Fort Myers Beach in early July on a holiday trip and had not been seen since. What he knew, the Karamas's 27-year-old son, Billy, who lives in Rochester, Mass. denied the deed even in Yousell's film as his father.

The legislation is theory is that the Karam-



as were murdered after churning up some mud in the floating dinghy, mostly cocaine and marijuana, believe Florida and the Bahamas. The murders also the time police began to grilling to the scene to compile a cleanup that had been relinquished for the Yousell's arrival. But the authorities in Nassau continue to maintain that there is no evidence of crime in the disappearance of the Karamas. A police official said last week that the case was still under investigation but they were taking "the less-is-better" policy. Though the case is now significant with blood stains disappeared in this case. Maybe they had overboard and down. I don't know said a spokesman.

Officially, the state department doesn't know either, though the case has been a major topic of private discussion among diplomats. But other sources are less certain. Says Larry Sims, director of the Washington-based Council on Hemispheric Affairs: "There have been many allegations of close links between the drug-bussing crews and the authorities in the Bahamas. There is a lot of bribery

The murder scene bloodstains and pellets

and corruption involved. There is also a lot of cocaine and integrity. A recent report from the U.S. government, released last month, disclosed that over a two-year period 200 U.S. yacht club members and their wives disappeared without trace on the high seas most of them in the Caribbean. Said a committee staff member: "There may be more parties operating these boats than during the heyday of the Spanish Main. They murder the crews of small pleasure craft and use the boats for drug running."

Congress is at present working on legislation that will provide fines for a new centralized system to make coastal officials to keep a closer check on small pleasure craft. But making it more difficult for drug parties to use stolen yachts, but that's been solved the problem of official inactivity in the case of the Karamas. Says Yousell: "I am still fighting to make the state department get involved. I can't believe that people can get away with this."

William Loewer

Sports



LE MARATHON INTERNATIONAL

Alone together hitting the wall

By Mike McHugh

A 10-mile distance they could be sprinters fall in the wind-shagged and colors jostling and merging in the heat. But as they draw closer the details become more apparent. They are runners, the only women they make are the small, stout, burly ones that follow their passing, dozens of legs, emerging out private rhythms. This is the 10th annual Wolf Pack on a typical Sunday morning, shot Montreal's Mount Royal and in the streets of 36-year-old Wolf Blument, a runner's runner and the pack's shepherd. "When anyone has an injury, they come to Wolf because I've had them all."

There is no shortage of pack members or runners in Quebec. Since the 1976 Olympic Games, the province has witnessed a dramatic increase in the number of serious and casual enthusiasts. Almost every weekend, from the end of April through early November, the dedicated can and a race to run in Quebec. "Statistically some graduate to

the long-distance category," says the shepherd. "Their training target is the ultimate test of speed and endurance—the marathon."

For those who choose the target the days pass slowly and the run becomes a dramatic form of monotony. The training pattern is constant: five days running, one day resting. Four comes more days than on a blisters blossom and pop, shaded, never thighs bleed, knots arise and tendon ligaments stretch and twist. The distance is constant, resistance is bided.

The latest target was Ronson's first. Runners, Montreal's second international marathon last weekend. Saturday's run was for elite athletes (70 men and five women) capable of maintaining a pace of five-minute miles over the entire 26.2-mile course. Responding to criticism of last year's event, organizers reneged the route around the Olympic Village and through the heart of the city, beginning with a final circuit of the Expo grounds, where David Casson of Great Britain won in two hours, 11 min-

utes, 32 seconds. Sunday's run was open to novices and all comers (approximately 10,000 who, like multitudes of lemmings, streamed off the starting line on the Jacques-Cartier Bridge).

Why would anyone want to enter such a race and endure the agony of those last few miles? Runners apply call it "hitting the wall"—when all the reserves of muscle energy are spent and there is nothing left but an inner scream and a heartbeating need to stop and rest. This year's Boston Marathon women's division winner, 27-year-old Jacqueline Gareau of Montreal, was among those who were apprehensive about the elite race. Only a momentary would she discuss her injuries. "Every runner has something bad. For me it is the back of one knee and my shoulder (the result of a fall in a race)." She

Casson, Lynn Jennings left, Jennings in each marathon you must suffer



freemed at the thought: "If only I had a few more weeks of training." In each marathon she has entered she has improved her time (last best, her Boston time by two minutes, 47 seconds in the race, but couldn't keep up to American Patti Lyons, 40 seconds ahead of her), but the elusive goal of "two hours and 30 minutes" absorbs her completely. Like brooding the four-minute mile, it is on the other side of the wall.

On the starting side of that "wall" is the resolution when the idea to run first took hold, then the tedious process of coaxing the edge of endurance further. After the race, they could still feel the pounding on the asphalt, knees and ankles aching as if they were running long in need of oil, betraying themselves with a horrible grating sound. Jacqueline Gareau says: "I was at it. Each marathon is very special and in each you must suffer." And they did. ☐

A Royal contender for an old crown

In the world of sports (like the sports) way that one of the most difficult things any athlete attempts is to strike a round object in baseball) propelled at 90-100 mph with a curved surface (a baseball bat) in support of the experts, a seasonal rate of one in three usually warrants a salary increase. And those who succeed in doing

business of the Kansas City Royals of the American League has been blithely challenging Williams' place in history. A 19-year-old prodigy of performance in baseball is "over the old star break" which falls at the season's midway point. Since the all-star break, the Royals' George Howard Brett has hit .447 with at least one hit in 50 of 54 games, 13 home runs, four triples, 18 doubles, and has scored 47 runs and batted in 39. At one stretch he hit safely in 38 consecutive games (at a .607 pace), knocking in 45 runs and hitting six homers. After playing in 39 games with 34 trips to the plate, Brett's average stood at .461—39 home runs, nine triples and 18 doubles, 104 runs batted in and 104 total hits. His game 300 at week's end, Brett hit a double in four trips to the plate and his batting average dipped to .389—the first time since Aug. 25 it was below .400.

Baseball is perhaps the most individual of team sports, with statistics duly registered for posterity after each pitch. Many players have had outstanding seasons and won batting titles—winning tenures. But Brett's career stats, this season are even more remarkable when put into the perspective of his team's performance. An ankle injury forced him to miss 35 games. In that time, the Royals won 18 and lost 17.

With Brett in the lineup the Royals record is 66 wins and only 13 losses, and after 136 games the Royals had their distance by 1976 games and all of baseball with a winning percentage of .808. As for his run at duplicating Williams' feat, Brett isn't concerned. "I don't feel any pressure about hitting .400. I just come out to the ball park and try to enjoy myself. If I still have a shot with a few games remaining, then I might feel some pressure." For now the pressure is on opposing pitchers and now will be applied to the Royals' purse strings. Brett is in the fourth year of a five-year contract. He admits that if any one ballplayer is worth \$1 million per year it may be he. His management is echoed by others. Former manager of the Minnesota Twins Gene Muech says Brett is "probably the best player in the game today." Al Oliver of the Texas Rangers, whose .321 average isn't too bad either, has said, "He hits better than any white man I've ever seen. As a matter of fact, he hits so good he hits like a black man." And whether or not Brett manages to reach the mythical .400 at the end of the season, his year at the plate will find his place in baseball's history and folklore. An American League umpire Steve Palermo said, "If God had had no balls and two strikes, Howard still got a hit." Hal Glick-

But if it plays in Topeka?

When the Toronto Argonauts and Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League met last Saturday night, TV viewers at Quebec could watch the game but it wasn't available anywhere else in Canada. The game was, however, available in 48 U.S. states and Guam. The annual live motion cable-TV subscription linked to Teleconference Sports Pro programming Network (owned by Grand Canal) could watch those live and in color. Canadian broadcasters Don Chenev and Russ Jackson supplied the commentary in French-language network. The picture was led by Greg Cleverley and Jackson to do the game. Says Toronto's Lane Matthews because we didn't play by-play in French you could go over his wall here in my by-play time. Fans will have broadcast 36 regular team games.

Previous CFL attempts to pick up additional revenue from U.S. TV met with mixed success. Mid-1980s Gator Cap games were broadcast by ABC and there had been some limited cable permission. "We went with Teleconference Sports Pro last year," CFL Commissioner Jack Gattuso explains. "But last December a cable was launched that was would be used to. They had the video-cassette and no one

has heard of that cable service." The CFL bought back its agreement from ABC and looked up with more in Gattuso's words: "A well-funded network for \$500,000 over two years."

A measure of the CFL's popularity in the U.S. started week an offer for a booklet explaining the differences between the Canadian and American games. We only offered it for two weeks," says Matthews, and we received 500,000 requests." On the air for a year, last week CFL began 24 hours per day, seven days a week of sports broadcasting. The available CFL sports fans can now watch live CFL games, plus a replay from the pro-bowlers live to broadcast live. The CFL is very important to us," says Matthews, especially with the National Football League tied up with the big networks.

For Quebec and the CFL, CFL is very important too. The league is currently negotiating a new TV contract with the Canadian networks. The last pact (\$2.2 million per year) paled beside that of the NFL (\$447 million over four years). The CFL is making more than 100 million in the last year of its agreement as a little bit of the food of U.S. culture via Canada," says Gattuso. "And thanks to the live transmission, perhaps a subscriber in Topeka will look at a listing at a game involving Saskatchewan and see what a Saskatchewan is."

R.G.

Maclean's OFFERS YOU CANADA AND THE WORLD

... every week with superlative news coverage and now with two magnificent full color wall maps.

Important news breaks so quickly—and in so many far-flung localities—that you really do need a good map to keep track of things.

An expensive atlas would do the job. Or you could take advantage of Maclean's latest money-saving subscription offer. And get the map you need **NO BONUS GIFTS.**

Just subscribe to Maclean's for 33 weeks and we'll send you your choice of these two splendid maps out of Canada, the other of the world. Take 32 weeks and we'll send you BOTH maps!

Act today. You'll get your maps shortly after we receive your subscription order. AND THEY WON'T COST YOU AN EXTRA CENT. Simply fill in and mail the coupon or prepaid postcard today!

32 issues only \$11.98

[Our low base sub. rate. Reg. \$32 at newsstands.]

52 issues only \$19.50

[Our low base sub. rate. Reg. \$32 at newsstands.]



The Canada map is 34" x 54". The world map is 42" x 54". Each is printed in full color on heavy construction stock. Ready for mounting.

Circle 4000: Starline A. Willemse, Ont. M2N 1K8

Maclean's DONOR GIFT & SAVINGS COUPON

32 issues \$11.98* (reg. \$32 at newsstands) and I'll be later PLUS

52 issues for \$19.50 (reg. \$32 at newsstands) and I'll be later PLUS BOTH MAPS 1c

or Map of Canada

or Map of the World

32 issues for \$11.98* (reg. \$32 at newsstands) and I'll be later PLUS BOTH MAPS 1c

52 issues for \$19.50 (reg. \$32 at newsstands) and I'll be later PLUS BOTH MAPS 1c

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____
Postal Code _____
Phone _____
Mail to: Home subscription rate

But he's become revered, legendary—like Ruth, Ty Cobb, Joe DiMaggio, Ted Williams. Williams, who said he could actually go to the ball and hit cold, was the last player to hit the almost mythical .400. He did it in 1941, hitting .406. Since then, players have flirted with the number of immortality, notably Ted Carver who hit .398 in 1977, but all have failed, falling back into the 300s in the dog days of August and September. But this season the 27-year-old third

Illustration by Peter F. Young

Following the yellow brick road



By Anthony Whittingham

Poor David Hewlett! It should have been his finest hour. The move he had hoped would cement the British Columbia Resource Investment Corp (CRIC) into one of Canada's leading natural resource companies, providing a jump start for its thousands of B.C. shareholders, has instead seen Hewlett described by analysts and observers as a foolhardy, a procrastinator, a spendthrift, still's long-awaited announcement last week that it intends to invest its huge cash reserves of more than \$500 million, plus an even greater amount in bank borrowings, to purchase majority control of Vancouver's Kaiser Resources Ltd., largest steel producer in Canada, has left Hewlett, CRIC's president, appearing to many B.C. residents like the Wizard of Oz—without his magic.

More politically sensitive than any comparable company operating in the province now—both because of its huge cash pile and because of the unique share-giveaway scheme that gave



Hewlett (left), Kaiser with portrait of spendthrift: Wizard of Oz without magic

every B.C. resident a stake in its fortunes—Hewlett's move over the past two years, under the direction of "wonder-boy" Hewlett, have been attacked first for being too timid and now for being interim-panic. Last year, when CRIC purchased a 14.4 per cent block of shares in MacMillan Bloedel Ltd., the Vancouver forestry giant, for \$107 million, the investment community described the move as meagre and feeble. Now, the Kaiser deal, they say, is excessive and far too expensive. Hewlett, it seems, just can't win.

Once the dust has cleared and the current blinding of disappointment has subsided, Hewlett's move may well win back his friends. If CRIC's offer is successful—and at \$50 a share, it is expected Kaiser's shareholders won't be shy about tendering—CRIC will be Canada's largest steel producer, second of major buyers in energy-hungry Japan, and may be on its way to fulfilling many a B.C. pipe dream of being to coal what

Alberta is to oil and gas. "The dust is," says Vancouver analyst Tony Hepburn, an outspoken critic of CRIC's track record. "Even if this purchase has been (temporarily) funded well, I believe, too readily, it's still an excellent property for CRIC to acquire."

Gliding elegantly in the background, and for the second time in barely six months, the real winner is the affairs of Kaiser Resources, a 39-year-old Edgar Kaiser, company chairman and grandson of the founder, who stands to walk close to \$50 million through the sale of his personal shareholdings, while retaining a lucrative contract to manage the marketing functions under the new three-tiered coal operation. After securing an impressive capital gain of about \$20 million for the company last February through the sale of Kaiser's oil and gas properties to Dome Petroleum Limited of Calgary, Kaiser's new deal with CRIC—though it has the effect of almost completely eliminating the once-strong Kaiser presence in Canada—is expected to give a new-born breath of life to the family-founded steel company in the U.S., the adding Kaiser Steel Corporation of Oakland, Calif. With the \$500 million it will gain by selling its 25-per-cent interest in Kaiser Resources to CRIC, Kaiser Steel—11th largest U.S. steelmaker, though smaller than Canada's Stelco, Inco and Algoma steel exporters—is expected to be able to limp back toward profitability by 1981, instead of being forced to close down, as had been expected as late as last week before the sale offer.

Obscured in mystery, Kaiser's personal plans, meanwhile, remain a hot topic of business gossip both in B.C. and California. Though he took out Canadian citizenship earlier this year he has now said his primary reason for returning to Canada—and more important, his will to stay—is to help the nation he has taken down with him. He is looking forward to finally being hailed as the house tamer.

Tomorrow belongs to me

The B.C. traders sporting buttons proclaiming THE FUTURES ARE HERE were standing around the freshly painted blackboard looking as nervous as adolescents at their first dance. Occasionally a yelp would break the silence—a wet cry of "For the House, Sir," but it was rarely answered. Trading in financial futures—Canada's attempt to emulate the fast-paced multi-billion-dollar market that began five years ago in the United States—was off



Futures traders at post, no other tender

to a slow start. Explained a silver-haired trader from Richardson Securities, who carried a full book of heads and tails orders that he couldn't match: "It's a new thing. People are just getting used to it."

A miserable 150 contracts changed hands on the Toronto and Montreal Stock Exchanges in the first three days of trading last week—a far cry from the daily volume of 400 contracts predicted in six months time. Richardson says the demand exists to get the first commodities futures trading in Ontario and Quebec off the ground—but it will take time to educate the financial community to the benefits of financial futures.

The futures market treats financial instruments—in this case 18-year \$100,000 long-term Government of Canada bonds and 91-day E-cash Government of Canada Treasury bills—as commodities such as pork bellies or soybeans which the investor contracts to buy or sell for a fixed price at a future date. For the speculator, who puts up a minimum of \$2,000 for the right to buy a \$100,000 bond, today's erratic swings in interest rates offer him the possibility of either doubling his investment or wiping out in a single day. For corporations, banks and financial institutions, who use volatile rates as an ever-widening added risk of doing business, futures contracts can be a type of insurance.

Underscored by the market's humble beginnings, Kenneth Fild, chairman of the 788 futures committee, is now talking about adding shorter-term government bonds, currency futures and perhaps a mortgage instrument. If the future of futures is as bright as he predicts, the wallflower's walk could fast turn into disco fever, though as one is complaining of sore feet yet.

Gilman Mackay

There's one on every block

Here, in the converted boiler room in the basement of Vancouver's Barclay Street Building, is where you will find the real heart of Block Bros Industries Ltd. For here sits the Block Bros machine computer, feeding vital information to and from more than 85 branch offices. Soon this computer will have an even tougher role to turn Western Canada's largest real estate broker into a national corporation with

new roots in the East. Block Bros is on the move. Using the franchise system, Block Bros hopes to double its offices in rural areas in the West and states across the Ontario border within the year. In the past six weeks alone, the company has signed up 11 franchisees, with plenty more on the verge. The attraction: 35 years of experience in the real estate industry and advanced computer systems using the proprietary of Vancouver-born Raymond Unsworth (Perry Mason) have led, of course, Block Bros' unique state-of-the-art computer, which allows the computerized weekly printing of three telephone-book-sized



Inco's an attack, a new smear on the face

Sending up smoke signals

A puff of hot air came from the office of Ontario Government Minister Larry Bock last week, a puff reminiscent to the 2,500 tons of sulfur dioxide that burst forth daily from the Borden Superfund site. Fresh from a Tory dialogue session in Peterborough at which pollution control was an important theme, and well aware of his government's vulnerability to charges of ineffectuality on this score, Dr. Bock was determined to show some muscle. Thus, after a decade of coining and compromising with the world's largest nickel company, the ministry issued an unprecedented order-in-council against Inco, its attempt to hold emissions at current levels until 1993 when they must be reduced a further 22 per cent to 1,950 tons. Use an bit of God—and very much unlike a May cardinal—this order-in-council order was backed by the order-in-council order to Inco.

It was one more move on the already war-torn face of Inco—which spent more than \$100,000 earlier this year to have its name in defence of its efforts to curb its emissions, which in Ontario are the highest single source of acid rain. But 110 tonnes was undiminished the punishment itself was lenient. Inco will spend only \$40 million to reach its 1993 target, a thing sum which compared to its overall budget level of the \$400-million expenditure. The Economic Council of Canada says Inco would cut its pollution in half. Production is not suffering because reduced demand for nickel is keeping it comfortably within current reserves and, although it may cost be a problem when drilling plants in 1993. All in all, perhaps a no-doggy way is not such a bad price to pay for vital minerals to be a pretty good deal.

Who had questioned that authority? Inco had really had them thought better of it. On

Gilman Mackay

catalogues containing more than 10,000 listings. Using the low-capital franchise route pioneered by U.S. realty companies such as Century 21 Real Estate Ltd. and Realty World Ltd., Block Bros' president, Arthur Block, 55, hopes to go national. Even with its exclusively western base, Block Bros. is already among the largest real estate brokers in North America, such as California's Coldwell Banker and A.E. Lefpore Ltd. and Royal LePage, both of Toronto.

Block Bros' surge this month is a rebirth of sorts for the 35-year-old Vancouver-based company, which brokered \$2.3 billion in property in fiscal 1979-80. Two years ago its corporate image was marred when the founders bought up its publicly traded shares, turning it into a private company and then almost immediately selling the majority control to Toronto's lead development giant, Olympia & York Development Ltd., then a privately owned company. Analysts subsequently tended to write the western company off as a wing of the O.Y. empire. The low profile was aggravated by company President Arthur Block's natural reticence in the limelight (he is openly envious of the media-shaking talents of O.Y.'s Rosenzweig brothers) and the unhappy departure from the company in January, 1978, of Arthur's brother and longtime partner, Henry, 54. Though both brothers are devout Neoscholastic, Henry's "born again" convictions had begun to intrude into the business. Shipping mobile and sales ideas 50 per cent in 1978 led to the quiet surgical excision of Henry from the premises, along with several senior executives. Arthur, who had been chairman, took the president's post. The magazine left the brothers estranged and understandably unwilling to discuss the matter. Arthur will say only, "The company grows, meets its needs and needs a new chair. That's what happened to us."

Still, it had been a long association and was hard to break. Born in Saskatchewan, the brothers grew up poor with their mother, householder father and six brothers and sisters in Vancouver. After studying business administration at Harvard, Arthur joined his brother in their first real estate office in east-end Vancouver in 1952. Arthur handled the numbers. Henry, the selling innovative, they pioneered the use of "trades"—guaranteeing the sale of a client's old house to ensure the sale of a new one—and in 1962 were the first Canadian real estate brokerage firm to go public. They moved into sales of mobile homes in middle- and working-class areas, leaving the earnings intact to the independent, prompting one analyst to call them the "Rollers of Canadian real estate." By the early 1970s, they had introduced rudimentary com-



Arthur Block: shipping mobile and sales

puter systems and catalogues. Sometimes the innovations didn't work. Listings on videotape worked in rural areas but were a bust in the cities. A 30,000-acre residential and recreational land deal 60 km northwest of Vancouver flopped and, in 1977, 33,000 acres had to be dumped. When Olympia & York paid some \$33.5 million for 47 per cent of the company in 1978, raising their total holding to 58 per cent, analysts saw it "as a good cheap buy."

Knowing that O.Y. has been the "perfect" owner and that Block Bros' current plans are internally promoted, Arthur Block says the company plans to move into the "unexplored market" of small-town Canada for franchisees before jumping to the cities of the East. The move will be powered by television saturation ads pioneered by Century 21 and other franchise peddlers. "The dif-



Barry in TV ads: a question of identity

BLOCK BROS.
NATIONAL REAL ESTATE SERVICE

Wayne Connelly
934-0762

Cascade Realty Ltd.
266-7277

ference will be," says Block Vice-President Carl Nielson—the son is sharp of the spousen—"that we are in the real estate business. We can provide more than just an advertising service." Besides tradition, Block Bros. can provide a \$2,000 office computer terminal and the catalogue, adds Block himself in rolling tones reminiscent of Walter Cronkite. "These give the small company the tools and access of a beauty realtor."

If there's one thing troubling Block Bros' entry into eastern markets, it's the question of identity. The company is well aware that it is likely to be confused with it & it Block Inc. income tax services, a completely separate company already well known in the East. Arthur Block counters the name similarity "a real concern"—so real, in fact, that the company actively considered jettisoning its own name in favor of National Real Estate Service. Block Bros. now began television spots and a chunky Raymond Barry can deflect the confusion. Still, Block is under no illusion. "We're new and we're western," he says "and no doubt we will get a different time in the East." But that isn't stopping them from trying.

Thomas Hopkins

The Greatest Snow on Earth. Ski an entire village or make tracks under night lights over the harbour city of Vancouver.

There's more ski value here compared to the U.S. and Europe. Especially when you consider the current exchange rates.

So step right up to our incredible Ski Resort brochure, Write Ski British Columbia, Dept. 406, 1117 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 2Z2.

Or see your travel agent and buckle up to one of our low cost ski packages.

Then Ski Sager, Natural British Columbia.

Along with skating, snowshoeing, sleigh riding and even snow-golfing.

TOURISM BRITISH COLUMBIA
HAPPY FEELING, VIBRANT



**Super,
Natural**
British Columbia, Canada.



Tankheads float into inner consciousness

By Kasper Deegum

God must be having a good laugh. The same Western technology that some say has killed Him has turned its sights on those Eastern mystics that were so partial to fill the non-linear's religious void. Now, faster than a Flare Krishna chant, "tankheads"—users of a simple sensation called the tank—reach instant Eastern-style inner consciousness while at the same time finding relief from Western stress and even those universal physical pains that conventional medicine can't touch. What is more, tanking makes it as easy to get into your inner consciousness as stepping into a bath. No more furling, braving currents or locking your limbs in rigid mortal postures. All that's needed is a simple, powerful "mantra" that is chanted aloud three every day in North America. "Just add water and stir."

That's all it takes—that "mantra"

and a 25-cm-deep trough of water at 34°C (93°F), to which is added a small mountain (about 360 kg) of ordinary Spanish salt. As a result, the water in the tank becomes as dense as that in the Dead Sea—or dense enough to float even the skinniest tankhead effortlessly. Covered by an insulated, tent-like shroud that cuts out all light and sound, the tank levitates a tank and the tankhead turns inward, left alone with the sound of his heartbeat in a damp, warm void.

Stephen revs the tank as "nothing but the hot tub of the mind" or "the greatest advance in consciousness experimentation since Pyramid Power." But for thousands who have tried tanking since it floated into public view several years ago after 26 years as a subculture phenomenon (it was invented in 1964 by mental scientist Dr. John C. Lilly as an adjunct to his work with dolphins), tanking has become a rapid tidal wave which has reached both coasts.

For just over two years, Vancouver psychologist Jane Keldin has operated a home-built tank for the Canadian Holistic Healing Association in the basement of her home. Some 600 people have used it, including Keldin, who found she could throw away the Valium she had taken before to control stress "since the tank does a much better job of it." Says Robert Little, a professor of philosophy at Wilfrid Laurier University in Waterloo, Ont., "I jog six miles a day and I meditate. Both can get me into a deep meditation state but tanking gets me deeper, with less effort, than anything else."

After only four hours' tanking experience, Little ordered a tank—costing \$3,000—from the Samadhi (Sanskrit for



Naturally, Pure Wool.



Keldin (left and above), Farmer (top)
The greatest advance in consciousness experimentation since Pyramid Power?



PURE VIRGIN WOOL
The Woolmark Label.
If it wears it...it's worth it.



Term protection? It just might cost you less at New York Life.

Yes, term insurance just might cost you less at New York Life. We've reduced premiums 20% or more for larger size policies at many age levels and these new, low premium rates are guaranteed for at least 3 years.

So if you're thinking of term, it pays to shop around. And be sure to request a quotation on New York Life's yearly renewable term policies at new

- and very attractive - rates.

These new lower cost term policies are a good example of how New York Life continues to update insurance protection to suit your life style.

Ask your New York Life agent about new term insurance policies at reduced rates. Our policies are tailor-made for Canadians. And remember, New York Life has been serving Canadians for 122 years.



Serving Canadians since 1858.

Life Group and Health Insurance, Annuities, Pension Plans

Vancouver (604) 685-7364 Edmonton (403) 429-6331 • 426-3033
Calgary (403) 269-4065 Saskatoon (306) 662-3541 Winnipeg (204) 942-6331
Toronto (416) 598-3311 Ottawa (613) 272-3595
Montreal (514) 844-3373 Quebec City (418) 529-0486 Halifax (902) 425-6000

or write: 444 St. Mary Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 3T1

"state of deep contemplation") Tank Company of Los Angeles, founded in 1981 by one of Lilly's associates. Those who can't buy are patronizing rent-a-tank facilities in U.S. centers such as New York and San Francisco, which has a 30-tank complex, the largest in the land. In Los Angeles, author and director Michael (Andrews Brown) Crockett used movies to a Sundance tank to overcome writer's block on his latest book, *Coma*. In Canada, the movement seems sprang up in Vancouver. Carole Farmer, who opened that city's second rent-a-tank operation in April, found the response so great that she's opening a complex featuring five Sundance tanks in central Vancouver this fall. So far, 150 patrons have been paying \$45 for an introductory hour of floating and \$10 for each subsequent visit.

While many who try tanking admit to dabbling in the "consciousness movement" previously, some, like 36-year-old nurse Kim Wickwire of Stratford, Ont., are in it "strictly for its physical use." Wickwire tried tanking during a visit to California and was impressed enough to have a tank built for himself. Unlike most, which are built of plywood with a vinyl liner, her tank is of durable Fiberglas construction. "The tank room will be in the garage, which I'm naming A Float Hotel. I'll probably rent it to friends to get back part of the \$1,500 cost." One close friend, Robert McKennell, is waiting eagerly for the tank's debut at the end of October. He hopes to use it daily to relieve chronic back pain. That's also the reason pregnant women are turning up at the Sundance center in Los Angeles: it's been found that tanking relieves lower back pain.

For those interested only in physical results, the tank is a forbidding place. There's a good deal of apprehension at first about climbing into the tank-like isolation, however much they may be reassured that they can't possibly drown and that they can flip open the counterweighted door with one finger. "Claustrophobia is a real concern with some people," says Nean Brittain who, along with Elizabeth Bawdell, operates Tranquility Tanks in Toronto as an adjunct to a massage and stress-reduction practice. "And many people are apprehensive about letting their neck muscles go—they just don't believe their heads will float. But once they're in the tank, a lot of people spend the next 10 minutes giggling like crazy. They can't believe they're afloat in 18 inches of water."

As the tankhead begins to float—alone, naked and vulnerable—he may feel the stinging of the foam salts in open cuts, though the water gradually wears off. His ears are unimpaired and deaf in the water, with just the nose,

Taste the secret of Glayva Scotch Liqueur.

Only one man knows the secret recipe of Glayva Scotch Liqueur: Michael Morrison of Edinburgh.

We know he starts with fine quality Scotch Whisky. But it's the mysterious herbal blend that makes Glayva Scotch Liqueur Glayva Scotch Liqueur.

Michael Morrison mixes the herbs himself. Behind locked doors. Just as his forefathers have been doing for generations. The famous American family secret.

You'll never know it. But we share it with friends.

Mr. Michael Morrison, photographed by Scott Repp.



Yesterday it was the Grand Hotels.

In the days when travel was measured in weeks instead of hours, hotel guests were welcomed into a world where the luxury and service were complete. The legendary grand hotel. Today, Preferred Hotels offer the

same kind of sanctuary to today's luxury hotel guests. Preferred Hotels is an association of today's great independent hotels. An association linked by standards, not a chain. And by a cutting reservation system you

Today it's Preferred.

can call toll-free all across North America. See your travel agent or call 1-800-661-1262. In the U.S. call 800-323-7500 (except in Illinois, call 800-942-7400). In Alaska call 800-323-1707.

Continental

Capri Hotel

Levy Hotel

Levy Hotel

Levy Hotel

Levy Hotel

Levy Hotel

Levy Hotel

Levy Hotel

Hyatt

Hyatt Hotel

Hyatt Hotel

Hyatt Hotel

Hyatt Hotel

Hyatt Hotel

Hyatt Hotel

Hyatt Hotel

Hyatt Hotel

Marriott

Marriott Hotel

Marriott Hotel

Marriott Hotel

Marriott Hotel

Marriott Hotel

Marriott Hotel

Marriott Hotel

Marriott Hotel

Westbury

Westbury Hotel

Westbury Hotel

Westbury Hotel

Westbury Hotel

Westbury Hotel

Westbury Hotel

Westbury Hotel

Westbury Hotel

St. Louis

St. Louis Hotel

St. Louis Hotel

St. Louis Hotel

St. Louis Hotel

St. Louis Hotel

St. Louis Hotel

St. Louis Hotel

St. Louis Hotel

Chicago

Chicago Hotel

Chicago Hotel

Chicago Hotel

Chicago Hotel

Chicago Hotel

Chicago Hotel

Chicago Hotel

Chicago Hotel

San Francisco

San Francisco Hotel

San Francisco Hotel

San Francisco Hotel

San Francisco Hotel

San Francisco Hotel

San Francisco Hotel

San Francisco Hotel

San Francisco Hotel

mouth and eyes breaking the surface. His arms and legs are as buoyant as cork. At first, the body swings slowly across the surface of the tank, knocking against the walls in a disconcerting "Frog-Pong" effect that is magnified by the darkness, until it comes to rest at the center like a leaf settling in a pond.

Then you begin to feel your involuntary bodily functions—the sounds all the fluids in your body. You become aware of your heartbeat, and that it's all there is between you and the darkness beyond," says Arlene Kuzack, a waitress and nursing student who used one of the first tanks in the country three years ago in Mountlake, Ore. "But it's not frightening. You begin to relax. A tank's main value as far as I'm concerned lies in the relaxation it gives, though if I was paying I'd prefer a good massage any day. All of a sudden, you have no need to see or hear. And muscles let go that have never relaxed since the day you were born."

But even when the muscles are relaxed—causing slight "re-entry" problems for sensitive tankers as they experience gravity again—it's sometimes impossible for the mind to let go. "One of the few people who left my tank before the hour was up was an exceptionally strong-minded businesswoman," says Britton. "She said she simply couldn't let go to that extent—not even by herself."

Tank operators report that an average five per cent of those who try tanking complain they were merely bored by the experience. Those with previous "metaphysical experiences" seem to get the deepest results, according to tank owner William Hart of Manhattan, Ga. "Something different from the ordinary meditation experience goes on in the tank. Even people who have experienced with advanced states of meditation report there's a clarity in the tanking phenomenon they can't get any other way."

Although there is no scientific confirmation, most tankheads report that as hour in the tank refreshes them as much as four to eight hours of sleep. Peter Suedfeld, a psychologist at the University of British Columbia, is a skeptic of this claim as he is of the more profound experiences. "Much of your experience is due entirely to expectations. Because they want it, people interpret a minor mental change, like a daydream, as transcendental enlightenment."

But Suedfeld, who has experimented with day isolation chambers for 12 years, hopes to add a tank to his arsenal within a year or two and predict that tanks will become standard clinical and hospital equipment within 25 to 30 years. "Once they exist to be a fact, there'll be solid scientific work done

on them. It will probably be used to reduce relaxation and behavioral changes such as smoking and eating control," he says. Dennis Kuster, a former dolphin researcher with tank inventor Dr. John Lilly, is concerned less so much be made of tanking, "especially in the metaphysical realm. John always called tanks a recreational tool—nothing more."

Tanking may become nothing more than the Hale Bop of the inner consciousness movement, an instrument

for gauging inner depths that proves useful only for plumbing your plumbing. But in the faithful of the consciousness movement, it hardly matters. There's an existential tendency to those who, having killed God by means of the mind, would establish the mind in His place. If tanking doesn't achieve it, never mind the rest of the world, or the rest. Like Shipshape, they're condemned forever to carry their legs of Epimetheus to the mountain top, only to watch them melt away again. Like Shipshape, we can imagine them happy. ♦

Dewar's always a good year.

Scotch Whisky with
consistent good taste.
Dewar's... "It never varies."



The Dewar's Highlander



CHAMBERLAIN

Serving leftovers to a hungry audience

When shot J.R.™ is not the only option on the minds of an audience and expectant advertisers primed for this fall's TV season. Many of the networks are left to ask: How are *Lawrence* and *Shirley* making out? What is the crowd at *60/60* in *Continuum* up to? The TV audience will have to keep wandering one day at a time—and so will the networks. The strike by the Screen Actors Guild (SAG) and the American Federation of Television and Radio Artists (AFTRA), which began July 15, delayed production not only on new episodes of *Dallas* but of all shows (excepting variety and information) on the three major networks ABC, CBS, and NBC, at the start of the annual ratings race and caught with their collective cameras staring into dead air, have forced to ransack their libraries. The public, which feeds on the new, will be served leftovers: reruns of regular series and mini-series and repeats of feature movies. A veritable smorgasbord of variety specials unaffected by the strike looms on the horizon as a consolation, with the usual bones of whatever the networks had in the can before SAG and AFTRA put the lid on the season.

NBC, long the ratings underdog, is putting on the biggest face it has: 11 hours anchored by the strike (each topped "Information" programs on *Real People* and *Speak Up America*) rescheduled to ABC's line and CBS's five. It also hopes it holds its own in the hole with the long-sold and costly (reportedly over \$25 million) 12-hour mini-series, *Shogun*, which will blast off the season Sept. 15. While NBC looks its lean shape in anticipation of those first five nights, ABC will counter with two nights of *Football* and a rerun of the Pearl Harbor mini-series, *Pearl*. CBS will test out

Larry Hagman's *Dallas*, Richard Chamberlain in *Shogun*, when will the show begin?

eight repeats, three first-run movies including *Paul Potts* and a Lynda Carter special. NBC, banking on *Shogun*'s success, will rerun the James Michener mini-series, *Centennial*, the following week. ABC's alternate arsenal includes a three-hour version of Marilyn French's best-selling *The Women's Room* with Les Ruckelshaus and *Shogun*, based on Norman Mailer's book on *Mao*.

The dark horse on this war of few weapons is PBS, which has its programming ready, thanks to purchases from the BBC and, occasionally, CBS. PBS, with an audience that has increased 55 per cent in the past five years, isn't affected by the strike. Its fall lineup may well pick up a heavy spill-over from major network programs: a six-part adaptation of John le Carré's *Travis*, *Travis*, *Solter*, *Spay* with Alex Guinness, a four-part dramatization of *Crime and Punishment*, *Blunder* with J. Cleaver, *Derrick Jacobi*, and the highly successful *Live From Lincoln Center* series. If the strike begins into a Sahara-like stretch with all the majors offering endless repeats, movies and repeats, viewers may find their habits changing.

Meanwhile, the major networks are left to last upcoming variety specials—Reginald Welch, John Travolta, Kenny Rogers, Diana Ross—and badly losing battles such as *Brinkley* (and, a seven-hour *Roll of Honor* remake, the eight-hour *Maverick* with Peter Onorati, and the controversial *Planning for Peace* with Vanessa Redgrave).

Who shot J.R.™ There may come a time when the TV audience will be too tired of waiting to see

Lawrence O'Toole

NOVA is the new name for Alberta Gas Trunk Line

NOVA

When a company grows from eight employees to three thousand... from a single division to diversified, national impact... from assets in 1978 of two hundred thousand dollars to three billion dollars in 1990... the time is right for a new name.

In 1954, Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company was the first name for a company devoted to natural gas within the province of Alberta.

In 1990, the new name is NOVA, AN ALBERTA CORPORATION. It is the right name for a company devoted to natural gas operations.

These components represent NOVA's unique design. The cubic structure represents NOVA's unique way of putting them all together into a cohesive, flexible company. NOVA... a bright, bold force for the Canadian future.



PRODUCTION, OPERATIONS, REFINERIES AND PIPELINES

The Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.
Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.
Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.
Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.
Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.
Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.
Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.
Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.
Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.
Alberta Gas Trunk Line Company Ltd.

NOVA
AN ALBERTA
CORPORATION

for all of Canada

For Office See 200, Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2P 2P6



NOVA 1

CROSS
SINCE 1846

Charles McKee Gold Filled
Hunting Silver Set. Each pen
inscribed for a lifetime.



Justice

Agent Orange comes home to do battle

By Michael Posner

The army shipped Franklin Sorenson to Vietnam in August, 1968, a 20-year-old Baltimore boy barely out of high school. He joined the 85th Assault Helicopter Co., attached to the 25th Infantry Division. "A bastard unit," he recalls. "Whatever needed us, we went." Between missions into the war zone, Sorenson occasionally served as a break-free duty officer at base camp in Cu Chi, where he would patrol the perimeter looking for signs of Vietcong insurgents. It was impossible not to notice the big U.S. army trucks and C-130s careening through the fields and jungles with deafening engines. "You could smell it," he remembers, it drifted across the air and ground, striped of every vestige of sophistication. But even when Frank Sorenson developed a strange, unethical discharge—"the worst in the world"—he [19] thought to blame it on the army's massive herbicide program. "The corps medics all thought I was monkeying around with the women. I wasn't."

Eventually the problem disappeared. Sorenson returned home the next fall, married and delivered a healthy son. But three years later, a second child—Jennifer—was born with a deformed hand. A third pregnancy miscarried and a fourth—the past March—resulted in stillbirth.

Sorenson himself is in reasonable health, despite frequent headaches that sometimes cause him to vomit and a kind of highly charged metabolism. "I find it very difficult to calm myself down. I'm internally going at about 1,000 revolutions per minute. I thought it was all a freak of nature until I started reading about the other guys."

The other guys were Sorenson's brothers in Vietnam, all 28 million of whom may have been exposed to the most toxic and bitter chemical known to man: dioxin. Its chemical name is 2,3,7,8-Tetrachlorodibenzo-p-dioxin, or TCDD, and it is the byproduct from the manufacture of Agent Orange, the army's principal defoliant in Southeast Asia. Its toxicity is frightening. Less than seven drops will kill a human being. One part dioxin in a billion parts will kill a guinea pig. Between 1962 and 1971, U.S. army planes sprayed roughly 45 million liters of dioxin-contaminated Agent Orange over 15 million hectares of Vietnam. The success of that campaign the military never questioned.

Not until three years ago, when reports of Vietnam-related illnesses began to show a disturbing pattern of similarity: headaches, nervous disorders, a skin condition known as chloracne, tumors, liver problems and birth defects in children. Now, Agent Orange is a major controversy involving hundreds of

hundreds and congressional hearings. The issue has divided veterans' organizations and left a gulf of bitterness between the vets and the Veterans' Administration, the government department set up to serve their needs. "I asked the VA about it after Jennifer was born," Franklin Sorenson recalls, "and they said there's no point worrying because the army stopped spraying in 1969. Well, that's not true. But I never thought they would not tell the truth."

Several thousand claims requesting compensation for Agent Orange disabilities have now been filed with the VA, all have been denied. The VA's position is simple: that no causal relationship has yet been proven to exist between exposure to Agent Orange and the grim litany of horrors suffered by veterans of Vietnam. Pending further epidemiological studies, the VA has effectively ruled that Agent Orange is harmless. That rule is now the focus of a lawsuit filed by the National Vietnam Law Center (NVLC) in May, 1979. Launched as a class action, the suit charges the VA with having failed to follow its own procedures of public debate and public rule-making. The VA insists the veterans have not been sufficiently injured by the rule to challenge the absence of public comment. Motions for class certification and summary judgment were filed six months ago, and the



The Sorensons (above), deformed Vietnamese lives: "I thought it was a freak of nature until I started reading about the others."



Just Married

The rich, rare excitement of exotic Amaretto and the classic elegance of fine imported French Cognac. Together at last!

inches is pending. Since then, the NVLC has lodged a second class-action suit, this time aimed at ensuring that a planned VA epidemiological study of the effects of Agent Orange exposure be fairly and scientifically conducted. That suit, too, is still in the courts.

At the same time, veterans across the country are successfully averting a jamaican dancin from the Second Supreme Court of Appeals of New York that will affect thousands of tort damage actions filed against Dow Chemical and four other manufacturers of Agent Orange. The veterans want the chemical companies to set up a tax-emptio health and welfare fund to compensate victims of Agent Orange for medical care, lost income and job retraining. But they must first prove that Dow and the other firms knew or should have known the herbicide sold to the government was contaminated with dioxin, and knowing that, failed to warn the government or the VA or the veterans about their return of the potential consequences. Certainly the concentration of dioxin contained in the Agent Orange shipped to South Vietnam was far more lethal than any that would have been approved for domestic use. Some 4,000 veterans now waiting for class certification under the legal direction of New York attorney Victor Yaneses Jr., sitting in court with about 300 low firms in the U.S. This is the largest cooperative test of product liability in American jurisprudence.

Before the issue of fault can be tried, however, the U.S. District Court must rule on a motion filed by the chemical companies to dismiss the suits, the firms argue that as war contractors they have sovereign immunity and cannot be sued. The U.S. government has taken the same line of reasoning in a motion to dismiss a suit against it by the chemical companies. While maintaining that Agent Orange is not hazardous, the firms nevertheless charge the VA and the department of defense with having failed to warn veterans of the health consequences of exposure. Billions of dollars are at stake in this legal minefield. The chemical companies would like to drag it out for 10 to 15 years; Yaneses expects to go to trial by next spring.

By then it is also possible that the U.S. Congress will pass legislation reversing the ban on presumption, to that veterans of Vietnam (and their genetically damaged children) exposed to Agent Orange will be deemed to have been disabled by it, and thus entitled to compensation. The VA is fighting the proposed bill, but the legislature is clearly with the veterans. "I'm not thinking about the money," Franklin Sherman says. "Money can't make up for the grief they've put me through. And it can't bring back the child I put in the ground." □

An airtight problem in need of ventilation

By Sharon Clark

Mike created his own weather—warm or cool to suit his fancy at the switch of an air-conditioner, furnace or heater. Then he took a deep breath, decided indoor air fit and proceeded to forget about it. That was a mistake. "Not even kids, scientists or universities thought the topic worth pursuing," says Graham Adams, director of the building code branch of the Ontario Ministry of Housing. Yet evidence is mounting that artificial environments are highly contaminated places. Indeed, the situation is so worrisome that an official with the World Health Organization has declared that

provided enough ventilation to disperse airborne contaminants. Accordingly, provincial building codes set minimum standards for air circulation and exchange rates (usually a 10-per-cent air exchange is advised, which gives complete fresh air renewal once every two hours).

But as Jim Dawson, a specialist in air-cleaning equipment at Toronto's Haneswell Ltd. points out, the rates don't mean very much in homes and other buildings if, for example, the filtration system is inadequate (as it often is), or cleaned so infrequently that it functions poorly (as it often does). While air quality in industrial buildings is regulated and inspected because of



is a growing number of cases (about, not outdoor air, is most damaging to health.

This is not likely to surprise many office workers. Since the advent of "air-tight" (window-sealed, air-conditioned) buildings, there have been countless maltrappings about bad air making everything from aggravated allergies to near-stapor. Workers couldn't prove that the office environment made them sick but they sure did feel lousy. Now, as research begins to confirm their suspicions, it also is pointing a finger at the less obvious danger just at home itself.

In both homes and buildings, ventilation is the problem. The working assumption has been that air conditioning in buildings and windows in homes have

Tamara with 4000 Yaneses in background saving energy costs but inducing stupor

the dangerous chemicals often used in production, building code regulations never looking beyond air-exchange rates when it comes to commercial buildings and private dwellings—and these regulations have neither been actively enforced nor altered since they were introduced half a century ago. Within the past several months, however, several steps have been taken which may improve matters. Last spring, the international American Society of Heating, Refrigerating and Air Conditioning Engineers (ASHRAE) began work on stricter air-quality problems for its members, who in effect are also self-regulating. At about the same

Listen to the Rainbow!

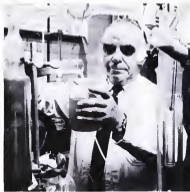
Fresh. Bright. Leading you to a rewarding experience. And that's what we promise at CKEY, too. Good music, nice people and solid news. A great all round radio station.

Follow the rainbow to easy listening radio. We think you'll agree that it's as good as gold.

590 / CKEY
RADIO TORONTO

time, the industry set up its own task force on air quality under the auspices of the Housing and Urban Development Association of Canada (HUDAC). Both sets of recommendations will be announced this fall. Barely catching up, the federal government (headed by the Ontario housing minister in July) may launch a national task force on the subject.

The most commonplace substances—building materials, upholstery fabric, hair spray, office copiers, tobacco smoke—contribute to interior fallout.



Ideally, all contaminants are removed during the filtration process before recirculation. But cleaning air is not a simple task: pollutants can vary in size from visible specks to substances so minute they are only detectable with the most sophisticated of microscopes. Yet, unaided by regulations, most buildings use cheap mesh filters that can trap only the larger, non-gaseous contaminants. For the most part they simply recirculate dirt and pollutants.

Ventilation systems with air-conditioning systems attached pose a particular problem. If the unit is not properly set up and maintained, bacteria lived on the cooling coils. Dwight Bushara of the University of Toronto's Institute of Environmental Studies is one of many scientists who strongly suspect that poorly maintained air-conditioners spread infection and are responsible for the deadly outbreaks of Legionnaires' disease. As well, Bushara's work at the

Biology Research Foundation indicates that aerosol cooking oils, which are common in air-conditioners, could potentially brain-damaging aluminum dust into the air.

The move to tighten down the heaters, insulate in triplets and generally make buildings as energy-efficient and fuel-saving as possible is a principal reason for poor air quality. ASHRAE chairman Robert Tamblin is critical of the tighter summer thermostat settings in government buildings (and many others) and blames them in

years ago, a federal study of 6,007 homeowners across Canada found that 113 homes in eight major cities contained levels of radon gas exceeding government safety standards. A year later, David Rosenbaum of the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency reported that 10 per cent of lung cancers are now caused by indoor radon. His U.S. studies suggest that, if ventilation in homes were reduced by one-half, the increase in radon would result in 14,000 to 20,000 additional lung cancer victims each year.

Formaldehyde, which is a \$400-million-dollar industry in the U.S. alone, is a common additive to curtains, rugs, furniture and almost all synthetic materials. Yet it is potentially as dangerous as it is ubiquitous—it is exposed to formaldehyde have developed nasal tumors. Particularly under fire for its harmful side effects is urea foam formaldehyde insulation. This building material is pumped into the walls of homes, in the substance hardens, formaldehyde fumes escape into the air. Recent air samples in buildings in the U.S. contained gas levels considerably higher than permissible by outdoor standards. And while industry spokesmen insist that lab tests on rats "say nothing of human risk," both Massachusetts and Oregon legislators have been concerned enough to ban the foam insulation in the past year.

Even home cooking has been proven dangerous in recent studies. Gas-fired ovens were designed in the days when most homes leaked a lot of air. But lately, says Geneva's Graham Adams, "we're finding higher levels of carbon monoxide than styrene over anticipated." In less than an hour a kitchen stove that is not vented to the outside can produce higher concentrations of carbon monoxide and nitrogen dioxide than low permitted outdoors. Since carbon monoxide unites with hemoglobin in the blood and chokes off oxygen supply, residents of homes contaminated in this way often experience recurring headaches, burning eyes and chest pains.

More alert to indoor-air problems, several countries in Europe already have building codes covering airtight environments. Bill Scott, head of the HUDAC task force, says it is studying the European codes before making recommendations. For its part, ASHRAE has already decided to ask engineers to voluntarily aim for a boosted air-exchange rate of 15 per cent. And the planned federal task force will focus on setting national standards for residential building codes. Now that a fledgling air reuse mission is finally under way in Canada, it is hard to understand how health officials managed to overlook such a vital area for so long. ☐

Business cooking air and breeding bacteria

part for what is known as "the three o'clock syndrome"—employees doing off. Citing as an example a federal government office building at 490 Yonge Street in Toronto, he says, "It's a question of saving \$14,000 a year on energy or losing \$50 million in salaries when people waste time wiping their foreheads and opening their collars." Adds Don Beveridge of Ontario's health ministry: "With people coughing and sneezing, homes to the point of being hermetically sealed we must look at the problems caused by trapped gases such as formaldehyde and radon." These gases, as well as ever-present tobacco smoke, have been linked to chronic respiratory illness and lung cancer.

The inhabitants of nations like Canada that have a high creature comfort in roofs and soil have been breathing radioactive radon gas for centuries. Two



Rum that reflects your good taste.

How it really happened



THE INVASION OF CANADA, 1812-1815
 (Portraits by
 Howard Chandler Christy)

"The War of 1812 is one of those episodes in history that makes everyone happy because everybody interprets it in his own way." Such was the observation 30 years ago of the Canadian military historian C. P. Stacey, and he couldn't have been more right. The British, for instance, have tended to see the war as a trifling bit of unpleasantness on the far side of the world—and one they would surely have won had they not been otherwise occupied fighting Napoleon. For their part, the Americans have always clung to the

idea that it was, in all important aspects, a naval war, both on the Great Lakes and the high seas. What's more, they have positively refused to remember that Canada was involved, that this was the primary battlefield, that those were not just British but Canadians who burned down the White House in retaliation for the raid on York (Toronto).

Canada, too, has its War of 1812 myths—the primary one being that the sturdy Canadian militia, not the British regulars, saved the day. Yet Canada too should be more mindful and more fortunate. No less a myth-strategist than Pierre Berton has posted all of

these misconceptions, and effectively. *The Invasion of Canada*, the first of a two-volume study, is an excellent piece of historical writing that more than makes up in perspective for what some will say it lacks in the drive, more obvious sort of analysis. In the breadth of its primary research, its immediacy and its facility, this is probably Berton's best historical work since *Klondike*.

One of Berton's notable strengths is his ability to play upon the irony of the situation without letting the war slip into comic opera, as many authors have done. Set down in generations of textbooks, the main cause of conflict was a series of misunderstandings giving the Royal Navy decreased authority in battling the French. This involved expelling some 400 neutral American ships bound for Gulf ports and also impressing many U.S. seamen into British service. Even without such affronts, however, the U.S. was rocky and volatile; its congressional hawks hoping a good fight would suppress the Indians and end a nagging economic recession. Still, the Americans surely have been justified if misconceptions had been better they declared war two days after the

Peace from the War of 1812 (left): the first (in best bookends) of work shown "Klondike"



British repelled the offending orders. The result was a conflict that should never have taken place, one with enormous consequences for Canada.

Berton relies almost exclusively on primary sources of research, having unearthed extraordinarily vivid diaries and letters. Telling the story in this present tense—*I* denote that inhibits the kind of telescoping needed for analysis but adds greatly to the punch—he's able to restore a sense of the true barbarity of the events that began with splashes of Frenchman's a town in New Brunswick actually gave gunpowder to a town in Maine so its neighbors could celebrate July 4. But soon there was

HOW TO BUILD A BOEING.



The Boeing 767 is already a favorite way to fly even though it hasn't left the ground.

How do we know that?

A team of Boeing researchers, led by Ron Nardick, Karyl Landes and Dick Wilby put the airplane to its ultimate consumer tests.

Actual-size passenger cabin cross sections were set up, and extensive studies were conducted among experienced pas-

sengers. They sat in actual seats and experienced an imaginary flight. Their opinions were recorded. Then they were asked to compare the 767 to other two-side airplanes.

More than 7,000 people in New York, San Francisco, Hong Kong, Melbourne and lots of points in between were surveyed.

Kit, Karyl and Dick took every precaution to keep the research objective and without bias. They wanted the truth and nothing but the truth about a totally new

concept in wide-body air travel.

Compared to competitive wide-body airplanes, the 767 wound up the odds-on favorite. The reasons. It better seating arrangements on the 767. 20 the 767 left roomies more comfortable.

This research team is just one of several hundred groups that worked on the development and engineering of this new generation jetliner. As a matter of fact, more than 2,500 people were involved in the project before the first sale was made.

So stand by, world. The 767 has met the test of our most severe critics—the passengers. And the verdict is: one super airplane.



THE BOEING FAMILY
 Getting people together

crusade, deprivation and sudden bloody death, as both sides enlisted British support and battled so manically. The accounts of individual hardship and heroism were all the more significant in a war whose purpose, in the eyes of so many historians, was essentially moot to begin with.

Still, *The Assassination of Canada* is not all revolution. In at least two areas, Bertin echoes the accepted opinion of other Canadian writers and goes on to bring the consensus into fresh focus. The first is the reputation of Isaac Brock, the British commander in Upper Canada. The martyr of Queenston Heights was, in truth, a man "who [in the previous century] was the province's greatest hero of the Canadian... who defused democracy, the militia and the Indians and who could hardly wait to shake the Canadian mind from his boots..." But he'd seen the war coming for five years and had succeeded, against all possible opposition, in keeping the colony in a state of readiness. With the help of Tecumseh, he "saved the province not only from the Americans but also from itself."

Thus the second and more important part of Bertin's claim: The Americans thought they were up against a sitting duck when they laid their plans for striking the Niagara Peninsula, the lower lakes and the St. Lawrence. For generations to come their leaders suffered a pathological desire to visit Canada from what they saw as British domination. This domination, and the fact that so much of Canada was populated by loyalists and other neo-Americans, led them to believe, in Thomas Jefferson's words, that Canada "wants to enter the Union." And indeed, it was difficult to dispute that most residents of Canada were indifferent as to who governed them. Once the good news of Brock's victory stirred patriotic fervor, however, the mood changed appreciably. The result was not just heated but politicized, emotional, cultural in the broadest possible sense, making visible "the alternate democracy" the U.S. could not shut or even address.

Despite what was written in the eventual peace treaty, it was a conflict that produced no clear winners—at least not in the immediate military sense. Yet the benefits were absolutely crucial and elemental. "Out of it," shaped by an emerging nationalism and tempered by rebellion, grew that special form of state paternalism that makes the Canadian way of life significantly different from the more individualistic American way. That, in a psychological as well as in a political sense, we are Canadians and not Americans because of a foolish war that scarcely anyone wanted or needed, but which, once launched, none knew how to stop."

David Fetherling

Critical notes on the universe

SHUNING KUDEN & CO.
by Randall Jarrell
McGraw-Hill (Penguin) \$20.00

A critic is someone *misfit*ed, handed as a suspect and in the dark, required to identify itself by citing his knowledge of what he has already seen in the light. What he has been handed is essentially someone else's perception of reality. Being the very first critic he was, Randall Jarrell worked a lot in the dark, he appeared over his assessments and went of all made you feel the flash he felt on finding a connection, a form, a surprise. Jarrell, a literary critic, largely concerned with that most unstable, abstract and elusive of literary activities,



JARRELL: a good dead clown in the dark

poetry, was demanding but acceptively kind. In the '60s, he achieved a reputation that modernist poetry (T.S. Eliot, W.H. Auden, Wallace Stevens, Marianne Moore) was not revolutionary change from conservatism but an evolutionary outgrowth of it—a theory that today, to use a Jarrell phrase, is "positively idiot." *Kudren & Co.* is Jarrell's fourth critical collection (he died in 1965), missing it's snatched from the bottom of the barrel, but, as Jarrell himself once noted, "After all... when Homer nods it's quite a performance." And though his later criticism became less daring and less confident, any man who could, like one of his colleagues at *Sid Street* at the Supermarket can't be all that bad.

As a critic, Jarrell exhibited the profession's best credentials. Extensively well-read, his bare references to makes to other works while writing about a specific one are there for distribution, not class-hating; in his work you can hear the quick and daring music of neopagan thinking. He was a (re-

pressed by people parading their lofty moral standards (but he did reviewed *Schindler's List*) as a substitute for art. And he had a voice—distinctive, with a wide and ringing range. Since talk is cheap and opinion even cheaper, Jarrell realized that the critic had to be an entertainer and so he marshalled his wit into an army of sorbites of one poet he wrote, "her talismans are less potent than Talmud."

But one does not read Jarrell for his clever collections, one reads him for his considerations, in both senses of the word. His love of Kipling, Auden, Yeats, Frost, Yeats and much was infectious. He loved Auden as much as he felt he had to lecture him, writing that he had turned into "a sack of reflexes," all the while scowling over the "annual orgy" of them. The famous, astonishingly talented Eleanore Pound gave him trouble, yet Jarrell could never conceal his confidence over someone who made "notes on the margins of the sublime." He immediately apprehended the brilliance of the young Robert Lowell. He loved children, and wrote books for them. "I love to see a hard eye grow soft over Little Women."

A poem to Jarrell was "a sort of canon of contexts," a condensed criticism was a deed done in the dark. Possible but never self-effacing, he could not in Kafka "the perfect calm... clothing" an image too profound even to be blinded by indignation. Jarrell's criticism was sincerely seductive—all for a machine called thought which, though appearing weighted down with earnest, pedantic concerns, still managed miraculously to float. *Landscape of Tools*

MACLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

- FICTION**
- 1 *Jonathan Truitt and Her, Richter* (15)
 - 2 *Heaven & Earth, Sholem* (12)
 - 3 *The Golem, Lasker* (12)
 - 4 *Sole, Niggle* (12)
 - 5 *Prisoner, Kessler* (12)
 - 6 *Random Words, Pohl* (12)
 - 7 *The Fifth Horseman, Collier* (12)
 - 8 *Lawrence* (12)
 - 9 *One of the Fathers, Gendron* (12)
 - 10 *Shattered People, Le Dore* (12)
 - 11 *Girl on a Swing, Adams*

- NON-FICTION**
- 1 *The Third Wave, Teller* (15)
 - 2 *How to Invest Your Money and Profit from Inflation* (12)
 - 3 *Unsettled Citizens, Gendron* (12)
 - 4 *Portraits, Herter*
 - 5 *Shelley, Whitman* (12)
 - 6 *The Neighbor's Wife, Tolson* (12)
 - 7 *Criticism as It You Can, Alperstein*
 - 8 *From the Golem, Milton & Rose Friedman* (12)
 - 9 *Managing in Turbulent Times, Drucker* (12)
 - 10 *The Road War, Moran* (12)
 - 11 *The Origin, Stone*
 - 12 *Unsettled with*

JOHN DOLAN GIVES YOU A LIFT



Weekdays at 3:00 p.m. on Toronto radio stations. John Dolan slips behind the CFRB microphone to make driving better to drive a little more informative, a little more relaxing and a lot more fun. News and comments from Bob Haskett, news from Bill McLean, weather from Ben Cadden, computer tips, race results, sports financial comment and Harry Shulman's reborn traffic reports are punctuated with a little swelling music and John's way observations on the peeing scene in a radio recipe designed to get you going and keep you cooking.



3:00-6:30 P.M. MONDAY-FRIDAY

CFRB 1010
THE PEOPLE PEOPLE LISTEN TO



the broad experience he acquired in Geneva, Santa Fe, San Francisco and the Met is welcome use in his sumptuous productions of Wagner's *Das Rheingold*, *Peter Grimes* and *Tristan und Isolde*, listing a roster of stars which has included Elizabeth Söderstrom, Evelyn Leese, Tatiana Troyanos, Leif Rose and Richard Cassilly, an American tenor and (or) bass who is alternating with MacVicar as Otello, says of his director "Lotti is such a fine actor he can show you exactly what he wants immediately and expensively. I've sung Otello, at 48 or 70 times, and it's wonderful to get new ideas for playing the part."

Despite kudos from his singers and from his audience, Mansuetti still has to struggle with the hard practicalities of putting together an opera season. "Opera is the most demanding art form," he says. "It's also the most expensive. And so people better enjoy this year's season, the way government grants are gone." He's clearly worried.

In Geneva, the box-office had to account for eight per cent of the budget. Here, it has to make 50 per cent. So how can I take chances?" Still, Mansuetti's philosophy is to avoid staffing the more old warhorses, to force the audience to strive a work as offbeat and unknown as the 1971 Wagner, played to almost packed houses, this year, *Lohé* will be his gamble on the audience's good will. He is determined to "ask that man's edge between challenging an audience and forcing them away."

But that man's edge is getting thinner and sharper. The company must cover half its income out of patrons' largely lurching arias as they leave the O'Keefe. Federal grants will be down \$45,000 in 1986/87, and that's without the extra help of inflation. "Some politicians don't consider opera education," he says. "It's a luxury." Mansuetti: "They're going to bleed us to death." Already, the company has had to drop its long-standing touring schedule, which took two or three productions an

Subverted (far left), MacVicar, Mansuetti, conspiring to challenge the Met

fatted truck to outtake in Canada and the U.S.—tears that kept singers and players in the money and went a long way toward justifying the word "Canadian" in the company's name. Plans are in the works, however, to send slacker crews of singers and stage people on the road to team up with local orchestras, and to hold week-long crash courses in opera, beginning with lectures and rehearsal arts-fests, ending with a full-fledged *Babbare* or *Cari fau*.

Where the government falls short, Mansuetti hopes to make up by raising funds from the private sector. "It's going very well," he says with his habitual broad grin. "But it's still not what it should be in an urban community of this size." This season a donation from American Express Canada helped pay for Switzerland's extravaganza, if briefly deferred. And a \$35,000 grant from Imperial Oil made possible the newly created Canadian Opera Company Ensemble, a full-time resident company. 23 singers, plus a conductor and a music director. It's a long haul, he says, one that will help maintain the company's standard of performance. "The Toronto Symphony, the National Ballet, Stratford—they all have companies," Mansuetti points out. "Young kids just starting out need contentment. If there's no contentment, they leave." He says Koffas is sitting in Düsseldorf. Gino Quilico is in Paris. We've lost them.

With the ensemble company already in rehearsal and season subscriptions selling at a record pace, Mansuetti's company is well on the way to becoming a durable cultural fixture. However, he is not prepared to stop there. "We didn't expect it if we could do opera in the right kind of house, a house that would justify to us. For an opera company that has so much come into its own, that may well be its just reward."

Music

The genie of the opera and his trumpeting swan

By Bill MacVicar

The hype surrounding the Canadian Opera Company's 30th year—"the reason you've been waiting for!"—is, for once, well justified. It is a season that would tie any of the great lyric stages of the world proud, kicking off with a James MacVicar Otello on Sept. 16, it works its way through *Madama Butterfly*, *The Merry Widow*, *The Flying Dutchman* and the Canadian premiere of Alban Berg's at-long-last completed *Lulu*, and closes with Jean Sibelius in *Naxos*. It is a starring lineup that offers positive proof that the COC has joined that growing herd of North American companies—Houston, Santa Fe, Chicago, Seattle, Boston—conspiring to challenge the venerable pre-eminence of New York's Metropolitan Opera. Indeed, while veteran critic Irving Kolchin laments the absence of a list of first-class singers from the Met's stage, three of them—MacVicar, Söderstrom and Justice Durr—are to be found singing at Toronto's O'Keefe Centre.

Hard to believe that some 10 years ago the COC was rubbing together bare-bones. But when it was founded by director Don Greenman, occasionally

cooking as that never-fail border *The Barber of Seville*, opera's answer to vaudeville. These amateurish, one-nighters do not get the company in its feet and now they can be remembered in the way one looks at awkward childhood photographs.

Much of the credit for the transformation of the COC from ugly—of course—duckling into a proudly trumpeting swan goes to Lotti Mansuetti, who took over as general director in 1977. Mansuetti, a born-romantic genre who has a penchant for old movies on the tube, paperback thrillers and the occasional scotch, came to Toronto with a track portfolio of credentials. Born in Iran, he left his medical studies in Los Angeles to start training as a tenor. He did stints with Carol Burnett, sang Verdi to grebs from *Prokofiev* in a film (gold-leaf commercial and, when he broke his arm during rehearsal of an opera, was asked if he would take a shot at directing instead. After such a classic breaking-leg business, he went on to take master classes at Bayreuth, Germany, and ended up leading the Geneva Opera for 10 years, meanwhile continuing to guest-direct productions in Europe and the U.S.

Now in Toronto, Mansuetti is putting

Great Wines from Italy Chiarli

LAMBRUSCO CASTELVETRO

A pleasing, semi-sweet sparkling red table wine with a distinguished taste that is suitable for most occasions. Outstanding with most foods.

TERBIAN

A delicious semi-sweet white sparkling wine with a delightful bouquet.



Canadian Agent: Savaria Schuch Agencies Ltd. Toronto, Canada

Continuous forms shouldn't mean CONTINUOUS HASSLES

Few problems in business today can be more frustrating or time consuming than "business form breakdowns." Yet, due to the rapid changes in the hardware — non impact printers, microcomputers, automatic handling equipment — "business form breakdowns" are on the march. To avoid "breakdown" in your office, talk to Redi-Set before you buy your Redi-Set.

representative is a trained expert with an average of 14 years experience, providing continuous and on-going forms. If you agree that "continuous forms shouldn't mean continuous hassles," we can work with you and your people to provide a system that will save you time and money. Can we be of service? Call Bud Savaria in Toronto at (416) 445-3110 today.



**REDI-SET
BUSINESS FORMS**

38 Scarbore Road, Don Mills, Ontario M3B 2R7 (416) 445-3110

**Experience and service
for over a quarter of a century.**



Lines, monkey (animal and human), whitecap at Oh, is rather with his mouth is to that

Show Business

Cantonese-style thrills, chills and double spills

As the muscular Chinese youth prepared to press himself into an airy handstand atop seven teetering, stacked chairs, a quiet British accent floated from the back of Victoria's ornate Royal Theatre: "Oh, I make with be workin' do that." It was a sentiment silently shared by others, especially during a series of manoeuvres by 18-year-old Wang Yimai, whose pectored body contortions while balancing jars of water tilted alarmingly with the grotesque.

The source of the delighted onlookers was last week's opening of the 30-member Acrobats of Canton, starting a nine-week series which will take them to most Canadian cities, ending in Okanagan, on Nov. 2. Known in Chinese as "the hundred acts," acrobatics—jump diving, unicycle riding, juggling and even a bit of magic—owes from a long, exotic and often sticky history in China. The polished theatrical version

presented by the Canton troupe and the Taiwanese variety already familiar to Westerners are sanitized versions of what passed for gypsy folk art which existed as long as 4,000 years ago. Performed by roving troupes of athletic street orphans, the shows were put on in country markets and street corners, competing for space and attention with strong men, monkey acts and burning balladists. Many of the well-scrubbed, disciplined mainland Chinese athletes, on view in Canada for the first time, are the sons and daughters of vigorous revolutionary street hustlers, who moved from town to town trying to hawk some variation of Chinese "make off" after they drew a crowd.

The Cantonese troupe's updated multi-act performance owes at Canadian audiences in a candy-coloured rush of 1,000-eyeglass smiles, hot pink jumpsuits and wigs. For consumers used to the digitized glare and reserve

of the Peking Opera, it is something of a shock. Acrobatics is the formalized *Mark and Mandy* of Chinese mass entertainment, and during one daily lit drapes dance the flash and showmanship of the staging would be acceptable as any Las Vegas floor show. A roiling, squawking orchestra of grungy traditional Chinese instruments provides a prettily elegant accompaniment to some 36 acts. Many of the acrobats will be familiar to longtime viewers of the *24 Sevens Show*—grinning plates, with walking and unspooling. Others are new: the dragon dancers, exacting hoop-dancing, acrobatic balancing effects on flexible poles and a charming update of the traditional lion dance. Those with a clasp for stiff heads will be disappointed performers of dangerous aerial acts are protected (unlike those of the Taiwanese) by safety cables, in an edict issued in 1963 by the late Premier Chou En-lai.

Never high in the Chinese social pecking order, seedy legions of street acrobats were organized into collectives following the 1949 revolution; the Canton group was formed in 1964. The old routines were standardized and streamlined. In the early springtime of 1980,

Soviet relations, Russian advisers introduced modern techniques of gymnastics until acts today have elements that would be scarce at home in any Olympic floor exercise.

Development was spurred by the onsets of China's Cultural Revolution from 1966 to 1969. Such is the exotic state of Chinese internal politics that group members feel obliged to embrace the Cultural Revolution's relative authors, the Gang of Four and especially Chiang Ching, wife of Mao. Rubber-faced comedian Dai Shulin, 34, defines the temporary face of the ancient foot-juggling art, in which a reclining woman delicately juggles household objects such as an umbrella, a small table and blocks with her feet. In a quest for proletarian purity, Chiang Ching ordered changes. "She wanted us to replace the traditional juggling games with a bag game from a factory," insists Dai, and eventually his arms over his head to show the dissolutions. The tenor days of the Cultural Revolution have passed, and today some 100 largely westerners watch in Canada, mostly as a trade group for the two top arenas in Shanghai and Canton. In the new spirit of liberalism, even some of the old street hawkers have returned to rural areas. The recent shifts have also become a for export, first for cultural exchanges, more recently for cash. "The Russians do it, the East Europeans do it, now the Chinese figure they better get on board," says Montreal-based producer Stan Shorer, who, along with partners John Crispin and Michael Tahbit, is promoting the Canadian leg of the tour. Due to a poorly promoted 1977 U.S. tour by the Shanghai acrobatic troupe which lasted five weeks early, the Chinese are past-his, according to Shorer. They came to him after his successful handling of Montreal dates for the Shanghai Ballet in 1979. Flying to Canton last March, Shorer and Tahbit found themselves plunked in a cavernous Canton theatre for 2 1/2 hours at a 144-dinner performance of every act in the troupe's huge inventory was paraded before them. Like dangers at a showing of the spring selection, they lasted the 16 curiously long view.

For the producers, the tour is a clear gamble. With undoubted guarantees to the hard-core Chinese remained to be over 100,000, they must draw audiences of over 70 per cent capacity to break even. 800 ticket prices up to \$17.50 to major cities, reviews, major performance pay the fairly extravagant tariff of the *Los Capodis*. But on the basis of last week's acrobatic Victoria kickoff by the offspring of China's gripes, consumers will likely find it good, if exotic, value.

Thomas Haglins

A Canadian Church Choir Competition



Maclean-Hurter Cable TV Limited would like to announce the winners in the third annual Canadian Church Choir Competition. This year, 116 church choirs from across Canada competed for a total of \$12,000 in cash prizes. We would like to thank all of the Programming Departments from those cable companies which participated in this year's Competition.

The winning choirs for 1980 are as follows:

in the SENIOR category — St. George's Anglican Church Junior Choir, Downs South, Ontario • La Patis Chœur de Mon Royal, Montreal, Quebec • The Southwestern United Church Junior Choir, Lehigh, Alberta in the SENIOR I category — St. Paul's Church, Toronto, Ontario • The Newcomers of the Diocese of New Brunswick, Vancouver, B.C. • First St. Andrew's United Church Senior Choir, London, Ontario in the SENIOR II category — St. Paul's Cathedral Senior Choir, London, Ontario • St. John's United Church Choir, Stratford, Ontario • Saint Church Cathedral Choir, Vancouver, B.C. in the SENIOR III category — The Lutheran Collegiate Bible Institute Choir, Oakville, Saskatchewan • St. Andrew's United Church Choir, Swift St. Mary, Ontario • Anglican United Church Choir, Winnipeg, Manitoba • Notre Dame Memorial Church Choir, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

HONOURABLE MENTION AWARDS went to the — Rivermont Choir, Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario • Orthodox Liturgical Chorus, Montreal, Que. (Quebec Region) • Regency Lutheran United Church Choir, Toronto, Ont. (Ontario Region) • Luther College Choir, Regina, Sask. (Mid-West Region) • St. Catherine's Church Choir, Vancouver, B.C. (Pacific Region)

MOST IMPROVED CHOIR AWARDS went to the — Regina Chœur Alliance Choir, Regina, Sask. • St. Peter's Basilica Junior Choir, London, Ont. • Central Region Choir, Sarnia, Ont. • St. Mark's United Church Choir, Wilby, Ont. • St. Thomas Anglican Church Choir, St. Catharines, Ont. • Harmony Singers of St. Andrew's United Church, Niagara Falls, Ont. • Central United Church Choir, Mississauga, N.S. • Delta Street United Church Choir, Guelph, Ont. • Grace United Church Choir, Dartmouth, N.S. • Voltaire Choir of Mount Carmel Church, Bellevue, N.S.

BEST ENTRY in the Competition was St. Paul's Cathedral Senior Choir, London, Ontario

All that book learning but still in his father's shoes

By Alan Fotheringham

Each one has to find his own way in the world—Lord (Ken) Thomson, after his father's death, has done so by putting 250 people out of work.

I used to work for Ken Thomson, 130 years ago on Fleet Street, in a fancy little typewriter operation called Canada Business. It had some remarkable signs of the Thomson ethos: made up of dozens of Canadian Press copy mules from some Thomson outlet in Canada, the composing room in Edinburgh, editorial offices in London, with the result that the main target of the strongest little episode—Canadian troops in West Germany—got the Starline Cup medals about the time the World Series was starting. Ken Thomson used to come into the office occasionally, a shy, rather insecure man, as most sons of powerful, immensely rich fathers are. He passed me this (we weren't exactly intimate pub-crawling friends) and he pointed me now.

The Thomson "philosophy" keeps creeping up in my life, as I lie across the ice floes with the wolves at my head, desperate and starving, from employer to employer. Some 280 years ago Roy Thomson, who later bought himself a title in London, also took ownership of a very lively little morning newspaper in Vancouver. It was called the Vancouver News-Herald. In the days when that dreamy city had three competing newspapers, The News-Herald was such that, under a wise, dry and laconic publisher by the name of Sir John DeBorja, it employed a 21-year-old Pierre Berton as city editor, managing editor Robert Nixon, who went on to become general manager of Life Picture Vancouver-Sun, publisher Stuart Keppie, Jack Scott, the most famous columnist in Canada, the best professional humorist (aside from the many amateurs) to become as Mr. Harry Muter, an early feminist, Penny Wise, and a clutch of other survivors who were paid in sticks of coal and two-punt wads.

Roy Thomson owned it briefly—and quickly folded it. The point is that the Thomsons—like all pure—didn't like competition then and they don't like it now. I don't think they are devils now. They are incredibly simple men, simple in the sense that they see only one facet of life: the bottom line. It must be a bit like, really.

Each son has to find his own way in the world. Lord Thomson, as he is derisively and somewhat affectionately known in the press clubs of the land, of



course struggled his own way through this blessed vale, finding trouble paying his tuition at Cambridge, scraping for Atlantic plane fares in between. The Times of London and the 127 dailies and weeklies his father's empire has acquired in North America. I do not think Lord Thomson is an evil man, he is, instead, a somewhat confused man swept along by the tide of Daddy's money, the acquisitive lust there because it seems it must be done. There was the purchase of 18 papers in the 26 months before he acquired the eight major national dailies of 19 Publications. Why the furthest bidding war—against the Websters and Conrad Black—to pay \$130 million when Thomson (or his lawyer-scholar) was clearly interested only in The Globe and Mail of Toronto? Was he buying his intellectual ball in Rosedale and Forest Hill—as his father bought there in Westminster with The Times of London?

Quickly, my old boss from Canada Business melted the Victoria Daily Colonist



founded in 1868) with the Victoria Times, sold the Calgary Alberta and folded the 94-year-old Ottawa Journal. What was his point in buying the chain in the first place? Is there a dog-in-the-manger factor? We buy it simply because we have the money to do it?

Why does anyone want so much? Thomson Jr., thanks to the single-minded greed of Thomson Sr., is into an airline, book production, a travel company, 20 per cent of the syndicates working the Piper and Claymore all-fuels in the North Sea, 275 Hudson's Bay stores, Simpson's 21 stores, Zellers' 157 stores, 64 Shop-Rite stores, 76 Fields stores and 56 wholesale outlets. What is the satisfaction, really? Overkill? Dred?

There is a personal involvement here (if it should be). Thomson killed The Ottawa Journal because it lost \$3 million last year and stood to lose because it had to spend more on promotional revival more this year. Thomson Newspapers in North America

alone had profits of \$55 million last year—up from \$30.5 in 1978. Their first-half net income rose to \$26 million from \$20.2 million. I happened to write a column that appeared in that dead newspaper. Circulation had increased 25 per cent since last September. In May, Ken Thomson said: "I would think and hope that somehow it will reverse." He was not prepared to invest in its survival—any more than his father was in the News-Herald. The new Thomson says, "You take advantage of your opportunities when they come and where they come." True, of course, but what about your responsibilities? With inherited wealth, is there any hand-out-drawn guilt? One of Thomson's top executives in kind of saying, "We must have a publishing philosophy." What he means, really, is a non-publishing philosophy—an economic philosophy.

So much is made of Ken Thomson being a cultured man who owns 300 Kingfishers, but what he is, really, is an educated Roy Thomson.

A reputation built by word of mouth.



Seagram's V.O.

Canada's most respected 8 year old whisky. Only V.O. is V.O.

Really mild...
surprisingly satisfying.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — avoid inhaling.
Average per cigarette: King Size: 4mg "tar" 0.4mg nicotine.